THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCI.—No. 1182.

AUGUST 11, 1926

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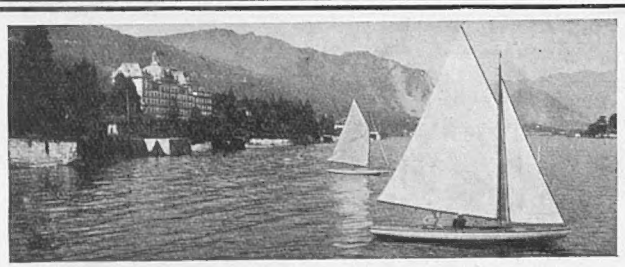

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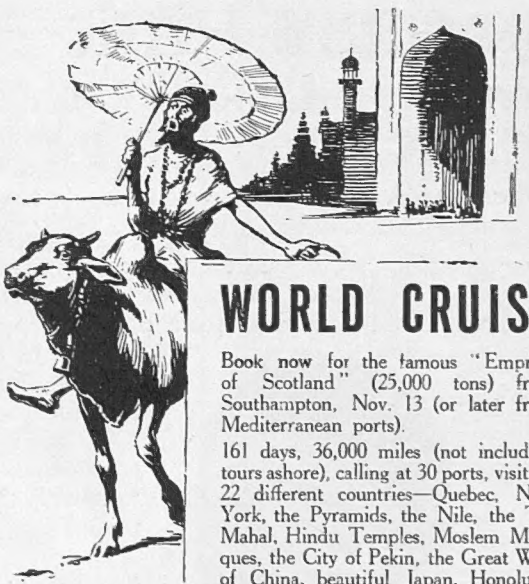

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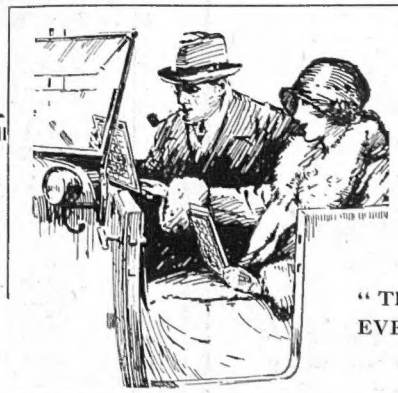

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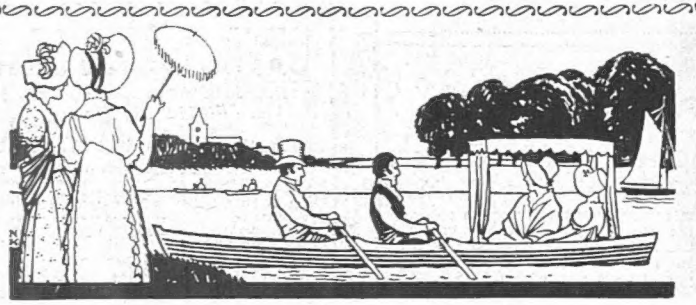

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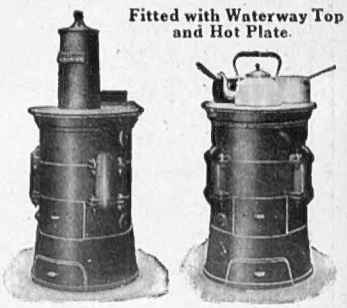
Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate.



Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING
(As particulars below)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

Size of Boiler.	Capacity in 4in. Pipes Lineal ft.	Diam. of Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 4 16in. × 12in.	170	1¼in.	5in.	£5 14 4
,, 5 16in. × 18in.	190	1¼in.	5in.	£7 3 2
,, 6 16in. × 24in.	220	1¼in.	5in.	£8 13 9
,, 7 16in. × 30in.	250	1¼in.	5in.	£10 5 4

GREENHOUSE.	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE.	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	× 4	× 8	No. 4 Boiler,	35	× 40	× 10
,, 5 ,,	12	× 48	× 8	,, 5 ,,	40	× 40	× 10
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GRAPHIC

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"The Bathing Pool."
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CHARLES PENN, R.O.I.

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A special article on "The Twelfth" from a novel angle, with pen and ink sketches.

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A new study
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COSMO HAMILTON.
An introductory article to a forthcoming "Graphic" serial by this distinguished writer.

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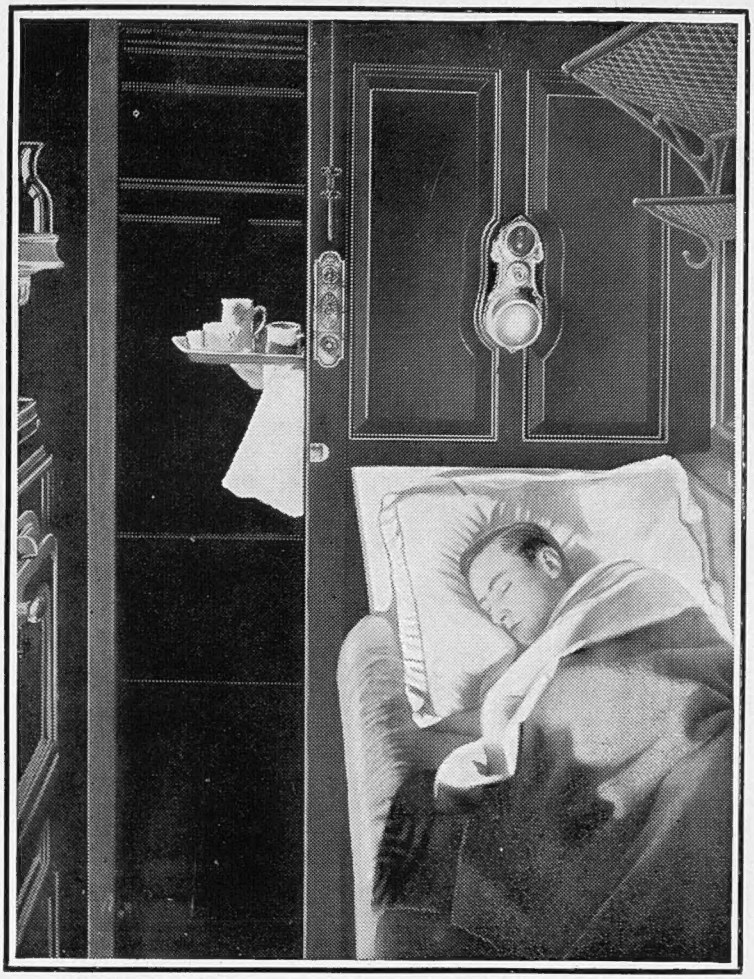

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C.F H. 254

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

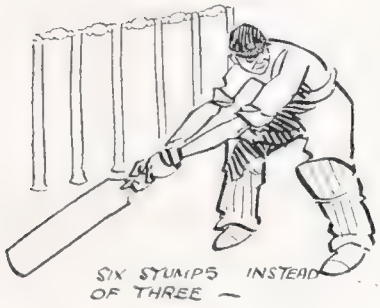
ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

The Final Throes

HERE we are, right in the final throes of the cricket season. The tumult and the shouting are dying; the Captains are departing, and we have plenty of time to talk things over before the Australians re-visit us and it once more rains ashes at Lord's and the Oval.

A Book We Need

I HOPE some enterprising fellow will go very carefully through the columns that have been written about cricket during the past five or six months. I hope he will assemble all the suggestions and criticisms so that, sitting by our quiet firesides, we may endeavour to arrive at a personal conclusion. Such a book would have a large sale and might help us to regain our sense of proportion—to say nothing of our sense of humour.

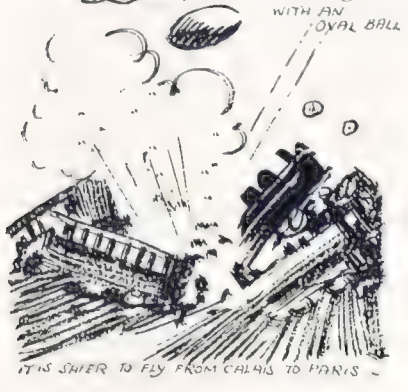


A Humorous Volume

IT would have to be a humorous volume, I am afraid. It might not start as such, but by the time the compiler arrived at the 943rd suggestion the comic aspect of the case would surely begin to impinge upon his risible faculties. Gradually, his solemn treatise would develop into a high-spirited statement of amazing and amusing facts, with illustrations by Heath Robinson and a highly coloured "jacket."

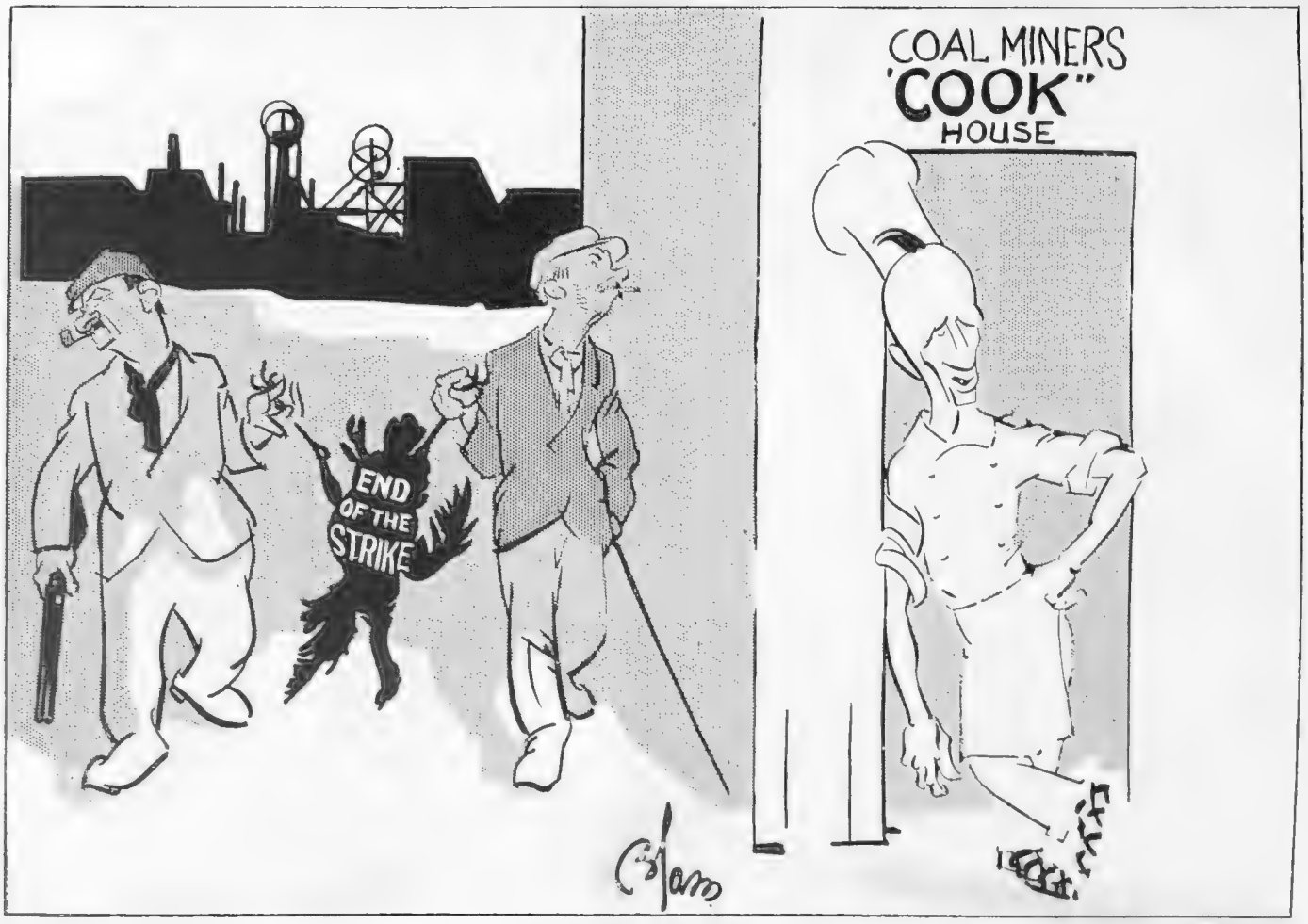
A Cricket Burlesque

HE would not have to strain after his effects All the material for a cricket burlesque would be ready to his hand. Six stumps instead of three! Large bats and smaller balls! Time limit to the batsman's innings! Matches lasting fourteen days—with power to add to their number! My own idea is that we should take a tip from the coconut-shy merchants, and nail the bails to the wicket!



Their Pet Pastimes

ONE possibility we must keep in mind. If we tamper with the laws of cricket, we must expect the critics of other games to insist upon similar revisions in the rules of their pet pastimes. They will want to put a bias upon croquet balls, and billiards may yet be played upon a slanting table with pockets of varied sizes set in variegated angles. Soccer will be played with an oval ball, and if you want to score a try at Twickenham you will have to climb the goal-posts in order to accomplish your object.



CO(A)LD GROUSE ! By Blam

What a "Glorious Twelfth" it would be if only the miners gave their Cook "The Bird"!

A Merry Fellow

I see that the Place du Tertre in Montmartre has been the scene of minor demonstrations against American tourists, and I am wondering what the local *garde champêtre* had to say about it. When I was there a few weeks ago this merry fellow was well in the picture, playing the amateur host and having drinks with all and sundry. I can only hope that the bad behaviour of the local populace is not interfering with his source of supply.

Some Characters

After all, visitors to the Place du Tertre have quite enough to put up with as it is. There is the pale young Russian artist who insists on caricaturing you and charging twenty francs for the finished atrocity. The local fiddler is not so bad, but the gentleman who sings is a bit of a bore. You are asked to select sketches from the portfolios of half a dozen artists and the entire local population gazes at you in an admiring circle. As I say, the visitor has quite enough to put up with, and unless the good people of Montmartre are careful they will succeed in driving away the geese that lay the golden eggs.

Perils of the Pillion

Following my recent remarks about the perils of the pillion, I see that deaths caused by motor cycles are up three-fold during the past quarter, forty-three people having been killed in London alone. This is getting serious. Imagine the outcry there would be if a similar number of air passengers had met their deaths at Croydon and Hendon during a similar period.

A Dangerous Spot

We are forced to realise that this old earth is becoming a very dangerous spot upon which to pursue one's lawful occasions. It is safer to fly over London than to pass through it in a taxi. It is safer to fly from Calais to Paris than to cover the journey in a French train, and, although Alan Cobham had the great misfortune to lose his mechanic, I am quite sure that he has chosen the safest route to his distant destination.

Really Well Dressed

Lady Duff-Gordon says that English women are not so well dressed as their American sisters because the English husband does not like to be stared at when he is out with his wife. And, while I am prepared to admit that the Englishman *is* a bit self-conscious in the matter of fashions, I have yet to learn that the test of being well dressed is to be stared at. I don't see why anyone should stare at a well-dressed woman—unless, of course, she happened to be dressed in a really well-fitting varsity bathing suit.

A Great Improvement

I don't agree with Sir Harry Brittain that the penny should be replaced by a smaller coin, but I am all for the abolition of the threepenny-bit. A nickel coin of slightly larger size—say, as big as a shilling—would be a great improvement. Both of these matters have been mentioned in Parliament, and another interesting point raised at Question time was the advisability of abating the loud-speaker nuisance. That, surely, is a point on which all parties—even the Liberal parties—must be agreed.

Are Married Men Mad?

The President of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh lays it down that "between the ages of twenty-five and fifty-five insanity is nearly three times as prevalent among single men and women as among a similar number of married people of the same age." Which would seem to blow sky-high the theory that all men who marry are mad.

In the Elysian Fields

BY E. T. REED

SAINT JOAN: "Monsieur Shakespeare, kindly introduce me to this *person*. I want a few words with him about that last Act of his!"

SHAKESPEARE: "But, my dear Joan, I *don't know* the man! He's always barging in here and attitudinising about among us Immortals—and the *feller's not even dead yet!*"

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Cowes

Do you realise, I wonder, that we are living in amazing times? For the last three months the staple industry of this country, coal-mining, has been at a standstill because of the strike. Millions upon millions have been lost to individuals in wages and royalties, and to the State in taxation. And yet there has not been so brilliant and so crowded a Cowes Week as this year since the War.

The Roads were literally crowded with yachts of all sorts and sizes; the hotels at Cowes were filled *choc-à-bloc*, even bathrooms being gratefully accepted as sleeping-places, and every available house to be let was snapped up.

Lady Glentanar took Lord and Lady Dorchester's house, Hamlet Lodge, and had a party of young people there, including her grandson, Lord Waleran, whose postponed coming-of-age festivities had taken place the previous week at Bradfield, the house in Devonshire which has belonged to his family for generations. Lord Waleran succeeded his grandfather, the first baron, his father, then Hon. Lionel Walrond, having died during the War. His mother, Lady Glentanar's elder daughter and a sister of the Marchioness Douro, wife of the Duke of Wellington's heir, married Commander Adams *en secondes noces*.

The King's Happiest Week

Nobody heard with more regret the salute from the miniature guns of the Royal Yacht Squadron as the *Victoria and Albert* left her moorings than the King. The Cowes Week is the happiest in His Majesty's whole year.

Sport and General

ROYALTY AT COWES

The King and Queen leaving the "Victoria and Albert" for East Cowes

Before all else the King is a sailor. Sailing and racing in the *Britannia* give him the keenest delight, and but for the incessant claims of the affairs of State upon his time he would be aboard his cutter far more often than just this one week in the year.

The guns at the Royal Yacht Squadron are fired both in honour of the King's arrival at Cowes and on his departure. There are twenty-one of them, and originally they belonged to a curious—and incidentally most expensive—Royal toy. This was a complete model of a battleship of the time, which was made for William IV—who, you will remember, was a sailor of sailors—and was placed in Virginia Water. There was not enough room for the vessel to be sailed, but King William used to have parties on board, and so did Queen Victoria. This model was called the *Royal Adelaide*, after William IV's Queen. When King Edward came to the throne the model vessel was half-rotted away. It was therefore broken up, but twenty-one of its model guns were presented by King Edward to the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, and from these are fired the Royal salutes.

G. P. U.

TWO RULING SPIRITS

Sir Richard Bulkeley (left) and the Duke of Leeds photographed at Cowes during the Regatta week. They are respectively Vice-Commodore and Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron

IN THE SUNSHINE *Topical*

Sir Stanley Colville (left), Lady Shaftesbury and Sir Derek Keppel photographed at Cowes. The brilliant sunshine and a good north-easterly breeze made the conditions ideal

A Sign of the Times

Speaking of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the most exclusive and conservative of clubs in the world, it is interesting to record that, like the equally sacrosanct Carlton Club, it has been forced to recognise the existence of Woman—and I give the word with a capital letter.

Woman in all her gayest panoply has always been a desired and an honoured guest on the Squadron lawns, and the

THE KING ON BOARD

His Majesty making a tour of inspection on boarding his yacht "Britannia" before one of the day's racing at Cowes. The "Britannia" was wearing her new rig for this year's Regatta

gayer her panoply the better Woman was liked. But beyond the lawns Woman might not go. The Squadron house was a male holy of holies into which she was not permitted to enter.

But this year something has happened—how or why I can't tell you, but it has happened. The Squadron, just like the ultra old-fashioned and ultra-conservative Carlton, has provided a ladies' annexe. So the harem idea of the lawns, and the lawns only, for the feminine gender has come to an end! I wonder, shall we ever have notable yachtswomen, like Lady Charles Kennedy, elected to the Squadron? So far there is only one woman member, and that is Princess Beatrice, because of her office of Governor of the Isle of Wight and of Carisbrooke Castle.

Photograph: Sport and General

ON THE JETTY

Society was well represented at Cowes Week again this year. The photograph shows Lord Mount Edgcumbe (left), Major Hunloke, Prince Olaf of Norway and his equerry

AT THE WHEEL

Maj. Philip Hunloke at the wheel of the "Britannia." He sailed the Royal yacht again this year

Royal Druids

Whilst the King was racing in the *Britannia* and a considerable portion of the *beau monde* was disporting itself at Cowes, the Duke and Duchess of York went to Wales for the Eisteddfod, at which, wearing green robes and garlands, they were both initiated as Bards of the Isle of Britain at the Gorsedd, which I am told is an exact replica of a Druid rite.

Between you and me and the gate-post,

the Druids were most unpleasant people. They thought nothing of laying you out flat in the first flush of your youth and beauty on a knobbly stone altar and cutting your throat with a blunt bronze knife. You were what they called a sacrifice. Happily, they don't do those sorts of things now. They have singing competitions instead.

The Duke and Duchess of York stayed with Lord and Lady Blythswood at Penrice Castle for the Eisteddfod, a fine house on the Gower Peninsula which was left to Lady Blythswood by her aunt, Miss Talbot, who was reputed to be the richest woman in England, and who was also said to have built more churches than any other person in our history. Be that as it may, Miss Talbot was one of those women whom somebody once described as "Saints of God walking this earth."

Topical

LADY MARY HOPE AND LORD DUFFERIN

An Unusual Remainder

THE Blythswoods are Scottish of Scottish, Lord Blythswood being a Campbell of Mains. The barony was conferred on his grandfather thirty-four years ago, with the unusual arrangement in the patent that the title should go to all the younger brothers of the first Lord Blythswood failing his own male issue. The first Lord Blythswood had no son, and the title was therefore held successively by his two younger brothers, the second of whom was the father of the present peer.

Topical

COLONEL B. C. M'CALMONT

Topical

COLONEL B. S. MILLARD (left), LADY BASING, MISS MILLARD AND LORD BASING

SOCIETY GOES SOUTH

A camera selection from Cowes, where Society forgathered for the Regatta

Topical

MRS. M'CALMONT

This is the first visit the Duke and Duchess of York have paid to Lord and Lady Blythswood in Wales, but they have stayed several times at Blythswood, near Glasgow, the estate from which the Lords Blythswood take their title.

Alfieri

THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF AILSA AND MR. JAMIESON

A Triumph for Feminism

THE election of Viscountess Rhondda as president of the Institute of Directors is another triumph for women and for what is called feminism. Lady Rhondda, however, possesses an unusual business capacity, and is a director on many companies. She received her business training from her father, who was Food Controller during the war, and to whose Viscounty she succeeded by special remainder.

Until her father's death, eight years ago, Lady Rhondda was Lady Mackworth, having married Sir Humphrey Mackworth, the seventh baronet of that line, but the marriage was dissolved three years since.

Memorial to Lord Curzon

I THINK everybody will agree with the suggestion that a memorial plaque to the late Marquis Curzon of Kedleston should be placed in Westminster Abbey, and that a statue of him should be erected in Carlton House Terrace, near the house which was his home for so many years.

Lord Curzon's rather pompous manner in public had perhaps something to do with the fact that men of infinitely less capacity and attainments and with infinitely less public service to their credit received a far greater measure of public appreciation.

The Prime Minister heads the list of those who have signed the appeal for subscriptions for the plaque and statue. The signatures represent all colours in politics, and the appeal itself is unique in the history of our time. After setting out Lord Curzon's services to the country, the appeal says: "Few men have brought to tasks so various and so exacting such diverse qualifications, width and wealth of culture, tireless industry, and grace and dignity of bearing and address. We think that services so faithful and so unique deserve to be permanently recorded, not only as an act of gratitude on the part of his contemporaries, but as an enduring example to posterity." The subscription is limited to five guineas.

Central News

LADY MONTAGU AND MISS SCOTT MONTAGU

Alfieri

LORD INCHCAPE AND THE PRINCESS BRINDA OF KARPATHALA

Topical

MRS. ARNOLD AIRD AND LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

L.N.A.

MISS CHAPLIN

Eighteenth-century Moneylenders

I SEE that the youthful Earl of Kinnoull, in the recent bankruptcy proceedings, attributed his failure partly to heavy rates of interest on money borrowed from moneylenders. But the rates of interest charged nowadays are a mere nothing in comparison with what the Jews, who were then the only moneylenders, charged in the eighteenth century. Horace Walpole has left an interesting record of a transaction of the time in his notes to Mason's "Heroic Epistle."

The note runs: "The most memorable Treaty on Record between these Jews and Gentiles is preserved in the Bill brought into the House of Lords in 1778 by which it was proposed to set aside the Will of Thomas, Lord Foley for the *relief* of his Two Elder Sons, who during their Father's life had contracted to pay Seventeen thousand five hundred pds. per annum to Jews for money borrowed of them to liquidate Debts at play and Newmarket."

After that one is not surprised to read in another of Walpole's notes to the same poem: "That prodigy of parts, Charles Fox, and his elder brother, Stephen, Sons

L.N.A.

MRS. LOCKER-LAMPSON (left), COMMANDER LOCKER-LAMPSON, LORD BIRKENHEAD, LADY ELEANOR SMITH LADY BIRKENHEAD AND LADY PAMELA SMITH

Sport and General

IN THE JUDGING RING

The Duchess of Beaufort with one of the Judges at the Beaufort Hunt Farmers' Club Show at Badminton. The Show was the sixty-first of the series

British Illus.

A PLACE IN THE SUN

The Duke of Beaufort with his sister, Lady Blanche Douglas, at the Show at Badminton. Unlike some other events of the season, the proceedings were favoured with ideal summer weather

of Henry, Lord Holland, dissipated three hundred thousand pds. before their Father's death, and before either was five and twenty."

Sir Austen's New Secretary

JUST before the close of the Session Sir Austen Chamberlain, the Foreign Secretary, appointed Captain Anthony Eden, M.P., the only brother of Sir Timothy Eden, to be his Parliamentary private secretary. Captain Eden is twenty-nine, and in the House is thought to have a brilliant future. He has a wide knowledge of Oriental languages, in which he took first-class honours at Oxford, and of Near Eastern affairs. His only sister is the Countess of Warwick, and when he contested the Warwick division three years ago he had the piquant experience of being opposed by his sister's mother-in-law, Frances, Countess of Warwick, as the Socialist candidate.

Captain Eden married a daughter of the Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett by his first marriage to a daughter of the late Viscount Helmsley, who died before his father, the first Earl of Feversham. Sir Gervase's second wife, Lady Marjorie Beckett, was the widow of the second Earl of Feversham, the first Earl's grandson. Thus his two wives were respectively granddaughter and granddaughter-in-law of the first Earl of Feversham.

The Englishwoman's Dress

LADY DUFF-GORDON has told us that Englishwomen are badly dressed because English husbands do not like their

Dennis Moss

AT A COTSWOLD SHOW

Mrs. Eyres-Monsell with her youngest daughter walking round the ground at the North Cotswold Puppy Show at Broadway. Mrs. Eyres-Monsell's husband, Commander B. M. Eyres-Monsell, is the Chief Conservative Whip

Photographs

Mrs. C. Grantham-Hill driving off on the links at North Berwick. The great northern course is attracting its yearly army of visitors

THE EXODUS TO THE NORTH

J. C. H. Balmain

Miss Maud Hunnewell, Lord Lurgan and Mr. Tooker on the North Berwick links. The fourth member of the party seems to have a decided objection to being photographed

Sport and General

MISS MANN (left), MISS BRAY, MISS MORPHITT AND MISS FINLAY

I.B.

LT.-COLONEL BULLER (left), COUNTESS VAN CUSTEN AND SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS

THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

Some of those who were present at Ballsbridge, where the Dublin Horse Show recently took place. Even in Ireland the sun shines at times!

Sport and General

CONSTANCE, DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER (left), MRS. LINDSAY FITZPATRICK AND LADY MARY GROSVENOR

wives to be conspicuous. But with all due deference to Lady Duff-Gordon, who knows more about women's clothes than half a dozen dress experts all rolled up together, a mere man and a mere husband would venture to suggest that if Englishwomen are badly dressed the fault is their own.

At the present moment it seems to be the absorbing passion of every woman, whether she is seventy or seventeen, to look exactly like every other woman—shingled hair, knee-length dresses, *cloche* hats, and thickly powdered noses. Where do the husbands' opinions come in?

If mere man had anything to say about the fashion of women's clothes he would vote for the graceful elusiveness of older fashions, but—again with all due deference to Lady Duff-Gordon—men and husbands have no effect whatever in these days on fashions feminine. Woman herself has decided that she shall crop her hair, bare her neck, no matter how wrinkled it may be, and wear flesh-coloured stockings, no matter how gainly or ungainly her legs may be.

If Englishwomen are badly dressed it is entirely their own fault. Husbands have nothing to do with the clothes question—or lack of clothes. They are told they "know nothing whatever about it."

Moors, Forests, and Ladies

It is interesting to notice the number of people who take the same shootings year after year in Scotland. For example, Lord and Lady Londonderry will again be at Lochchoire, one of the Duke of Sutherland's many shooting lodges; Sir John Thursby has once more taken the Daviot and Tordarroch shootings belonging to The Mackintosh in Inverness-shire; Mr. Leslie Garton has again taken Craig in Argyllshire; Mr. John N. Bovill, Dunearn in Nairnshire; Mr. C. E. Allan, Dunbeath Castle in Caithness, and Mr. N. G. McLean, Invereshie.

Lady Evelyn Cobbold will, as usual, shoot over her deer-forest of Glen Carron in Ross-shire, which extends to 15,000 acres. Other lady guns shooting over moors will be Mrs. F. G. Bird, who has taken Dalcrombie in Inverness-shire, and Mrs. Cunliffe who will be at Inverbroom, near Ullapool, a far-away spot in Ross-shire.

THE CUPBEARERS *W. Bale*

Mrs. Alexander, wife of Commander Alexander, presenting the Wernher Cup to the winners of the Fernie Hunt Polo Tournament. Three of the team are shown in the photograph—Capt. H. J. Sutton, Capt. F. Johnson and Mr. W. Balding. The other member of the team was Capt. Ryley-Smith

THIS BATHING BUSINESS

By DELL LEIGH

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

SOME people take to the bathing business very seriously. Others do not take to it at all. It is all a matter of taste, clothes and circulation. On the Lido, for example, where all the most sumptuous people go nowadays, the bathing is a devil of a business. If you are a woman two things are essential—some flame-coloured satin pyjamas, tight fitting round the ankle; and a bed. The bed lies on the sands and you lie on the bed, looking simply too lovely for words; and the men sit on the sands at your feet worshipping dumbly. The women lie on other beds in the vicinity talking about you in undertones, and everything is merry and bright—including the satin pyjamas. If you are a Lido Lothario you have a very special bathing kit, which you carry down from your hotel to the scene of the kill in a rubber contrivance shaped rather like an old time watchman's lantern. In it reposes a thing the Americans have introduced, called a "Two-Piece-Bathing-Suit." A pair of shorts which look as if they had been plucked before they were ripe; a striped vest which implies a vague athleticism, and shoes with inordinately long laces which you girdle your manly legs with a criss-crossed pattern. If you have got an extraordinarily good figure (waste of time and money to go to the Lido if you have not) you discard, during the course of the morning, the striped vest—and then you become a hell of a feller. During the passing of the exotic day certain queer and crashingly boring people who talk about "taking healthy exercise," and rot of that sort, do bathe. But the suburban element has entered the Lido, as everywhere else.

I am not on the Lido at the moment—it is too hot. I am at the other extreme of matters; about sixty miles south of John o' Groats. The cold plunge known as "the Gulf Stream" races round the corner of our Bay. It races round particularly turbulently when I come in sight of the bathing hut. There is nothing between our wind-swept hotel and Iceland—ugh! It is all jolly fine for you people who are slopping about on the broiling hot sands of places like Sea View, Isle of Wight, to read this. You are indolent and fashionable—and warm. But I, if you please, am staying amongst the hardy Scots, who pound on my chilly bedroom door at 6.30 and cry "Come out of that, you lazy brute" . . .

There is something about a Highland morning, before the sun has attempted to get up, that reminds me of nothing so much as some of the cavernous rooms of the International Cold Storage Company on Southampton Quay. I always feel like one of their hanging Canterbury lambs on these early morning bathing parades. The sea here is reached in stages, each one chillier than the last. First the hotel tennis lawns, with the 6.45 a.m. dew soaking through one's thin shoes. Then we cross the first, seventh and fifteenth greens of the golf course—"a short cut" to the sea. I know my day's golf is going to be irretrievably ruined by this bathing business (it is a curious phenomenon how one's eye is put out for golf by immersion in salt water)—but I can't say so, because of last night's idiotic remark of mine in the billliard room that I would "bathe with any of you blighters, anywhere, at any time, so *there*, and I want some more soda in this." Also the chattering of my teeth precludes speech.

"Come *on* Dell, you old ass it's as warm as toast'

In the fullness of time we reach the cliff edge, and the south-westerly half gale, and the sand storm, and the two damp bathing boxes on the shore. There is a whoop of joy (but not from me) and three gaunt Scotsmen and one half dead Cockney squeeze into them. My costume is very damp from yesternoon—nothing is ever completely dry on this rock-bound, inimical coast—and I pull the shrouds up my legs, cursing myself for a congenital idiot. The Scottish clan has long since disappeared on to the sand plains with a sodden rugger ball and shouts of "Feet, Accics, FEET"! whatever that may mean: and I follow over the razor-edge stones into the carving-knife wind, muttering quite other things. There is invariably a vile man on these occasions whose bobbing head shouts to you faintly from the horizon, "Come *on*, Dell, you old ass, it's as warm as toast." Curious also is the human tendency to tell blatant lies the moment one's own body is immersed in salt water. The moment *I* am in I tell the whole world who isn't in that the water is "quite hot this morning."

But whenever I bathe the tide is *always* half a mile out. True, there is water, but only 4½ inches. Leagues of this 4½ inch stuff you wade through and people splash you on your long journey encouragingly. The further you stumble towards Norway and Sweden, or whatever the cursed countries are at the back of this waste of grey beyond, the colder the water becomes.

However, all awful things have an end, even the early morning bathe. And when you *are* in (and out again) you say, "Good God, how marvellous, what?" between your shaking jaws. And you come back, ten years younger, to a gargantuan breakfast; meeting all these flabby people who have been fugging in their beds—disgustingly unhealthy, the whole lot of them.

In a Rustic Garden

Compton Collier

Mrs. Gerald Samuel-Montagu photographed in the garden of her delightful home, Great Fosters, at Egham. Her husband, the Hon. Gerald Samuel-Montagu, is a brother of Lord Swaythling

Produced June 16, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by
MACMICHAEL

THE MOMENT ETERNAL *Stage Photo Co.*

Roddy Berwick (Ivor Novello) clasps Julia Blue (Phyllis Monkman) to his bosom in her dressing room in the theatre where she plays lead and Roddy is only "a gentleman of the chorus." Love, however, aided by the Calcutta Sweep, proves the conqueror

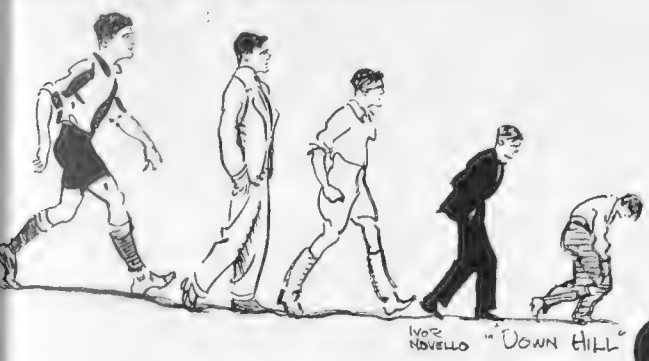
THIS play begins at an English Public School on a rather unpleasant note. Two of the senior boys are charged with having consorted with a Scarlet Woman, and one of them is the putative father of her expected child. There is Roddy Berwick, the son of wealthy parents, a sturdy lad, chiefly interested in field-games and manly sports; and there is Tim Wakely, an anxious student, who must pass his forthcoming examination because his father, a poorly-paid clergyman, must leave his son to make his own way in the world. The scandalous old proverb avers that the parson's son is usually the worst in the parish. It is, of course, only a general allegory, but Tim, the actual delinquent in this dismal lapse, would seem so far to have justified the axiom. But his expulsion from the school would ruin his career, and his worthy father's reputation as well. Therefore Roddy, whose Papa made money during the War, and who hasn't got to worry about his future, takes the blame upon himself and gets expelled accordingly.

RODDY, manfully bearing another's cross, has a pretty rough time at the hands of his stern Papa, who sets him to uncongenial office-work, and gives him only six shillings a week pocket-money, and you can't have much guilty splendour on that. In due course the Scarlet Woman makes amends; but it is then too late. Roddy has a fine old family row, and then dashes out penniless into the world to skirmish for some kind of a living. To begin with, he gets a job in the male chorus of a musical comedy. The delicate suggestion here that the first step on the downward path is a theatrical engagement will doubtless be appreciated by the aristocracy of the stage, especially as the authors of this play are understood to be themselves members of *the* profession, and may rashly be presumed to be speaking from the Chair.

RODDY begins by falling desperately in love with Julia Blue, who seems to have chosen her surname with prophetic discrimination. Julia is in the habit of selecting for her gentlemen friends those more remarkable for worldly substance than for their affectionate dispositions. She cannot marry Roddy because she is already married; and she cannot be his very dear friend in the official sense because he has no money. And it is Julia's ambition to carry on her profession, such as it is, as long as possible, and then to retire with honour, or thereabouts, to a life of slippered ease. She takes enough interest in Roddy, however, to tell him that a place in a theatre chorus is not a man's job. I have often thought as much myself, but I have never had the courage to say so.

RODDY'S next step downhill is taken when he wins a prize of forty thousand pounds in the Calcutta Sweep. Soon after this windfall we find him at his gorgeous flat in London, entertaining a few very expensive friends, with the lovely Julia as presiding hostess. Roddy is playing ducks and drakes with his money, while Julia, with a very beaming eye to the main chance, is encouraging his reckless extravagance for her own sake. Then a year passes, and the end of the forty thousand pounds is clearly in sight. In fact, Roddy has just given his last two thousand to a financier, a member of the well-known Scottish family of Mosenstein, who has undertaken to invest it in shares that will go up several hundred per cent. in value as soon as they are thrown on the open market. On second thoughts, however, Mr. Mosenstein decides to bolt with the money instead; but as Roddy stood to lose it either way, it doesn't much matter.

DURING the twelve months that have elapsed Roddy's affection has cooled, and Julia's temper has not improved. As the curtain rises on the act we see Roddy lying on the sofa at his flat, recovering from a drunken sleep, while Julia totters on the scene with a wet-towel tied round her brow, the hall-mark of what is known to the elect as a thick night. True romance and mixed drinks never did keep successful company, and Roddy and Julia are now at breaking-



point. So much so that, after she has flung all sorts of insults at him, Roddy gives her a plain hint that he proposes at once to dispense with her services, and to pack her and her luggage into a taxi forthwith. Julia then points out with suitable emotion that Roddy's grip of the facts is pathetically inadequate. He is now penniless. She is rich in diamonds and pearls that he has lavished on her and therefore the flat that he thinks is his, has become hers alone, and she will be obliged if he will take himself off the premises. Incidentally, this rather novelettish scene reveals Miss Phyllis Monkman as an emotional actress of considerable power.

RODDY'S next slither downhill takes him to Paris, where he becomes a professional dancing partner in a fashionable night restaurant. Also he has become a "dope fiend," so that he is very nearly at the bottom of the hill by this time. One of the waiters is a trafficker in the drug, and sells it to Roddy at two thousand francs a time. On one occasion Roddy, having no money, tries to get some of the stuff on credit, but the waiter protests, "I must live!" whereupon Roddy retorts, "I don't see the necessity." But the famous old tag gets a hearty laugh, so that there are clearly members of the audience who hear it for the first time.

THEN Miss Vivien Dexter appears on the scene. She is a young American lady who claims to be able to take care of herself. The claim is a national one, as far as she is concerned, and it is not, I understand, disputed. Vivien patronises the restaurant because she prefers Roddy for her partner, and it is easy to see at this point that we are up against the dawn of True Love. Vivien is anxious to see Roddy in a job that is worthy of himself. She has heard him play the piano, and she is of opinion that with a few lessons from a *maestro* he will soon rival the great Pachmann himself. After much persuasion Roddy agrees to borrow the money for his lessons; but Vivien has no sooner gone, than the tempter assails him, and he falls, and buys another go of dope instead, and drops into the abyss.

RODDY next turns up with a cracked head and a lost memory in the house of a certain lady of Marseilles, who continually declaims the fact that she is "a business girl."

Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, who plays the part of this lady, found Roddy lying in the gutter with his cracked head, and brought him to her home, where he combines the duties of a servant with furnishing a curious fascination for his benefactress. However, the stern necessity of a happy ending finally restores Roddy to Vivien and Kingston!

THE aim of the play seems to have been to supply Mr. Ivor Novello with opportunities for displaying varying phases of lively emotion, and it succeeds to that extent. Mr. Glen Byam Shaw, as Tim, impressed me as a young man of whom more will be heard presently; while Miss Frances Doble is a charming Vivien who, incidentally, supplies some of the best acting of the evening.

JINGLE.

Stage Photo Co.

"DRINK TO ME ONLY . . ."

Captain H. Toggs Hunter (Reginald Gardiner) toasts the fortunate Roddy and Julia. The other guests who find Roddy so suddenly popular are Millie (Celia Cavendish), Edna (Marjory Mars) and Major Leigh (William Kendall)

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A PROMINENT daily journal wants to know whether America will ever cancel our debt to her. We should say the answer is a Mellon.

. . . . . .

THOUSANDS of travellers are reported to have left London during the past week for seaside resorts. Well, we don't blame 'em.

. . . . . .

"BUTTER days coming," was a headline in an evening paper. That sounds a little better.

. . . . . .

There was a small youngster called Gunnett,
Who bought some green plums in a punnet;
He felt peckish, so
Wolfed the lot at one go—
As they say in the classics, that "done" it!

. . . . . .

LAST week a girl cashier was fined for biting a fellow-employee. The latter now knows what it is like to be bitten by an adder.

. . . . . .

A MR. PETER SMALL RABBIT is to contest a constituency at the next election. His name recalls the days of pocket burrows.

. . . . . .

A LONDON club secretary has been complaining that most club members are unfair in grumbling. It is, of course, unsporting to slate club secretaries.

. . . . . .

AN astronomical correspondent wants to know which is the densest star. The comedian we have in mind would feel hurt if we published his name.

WE read that "Root bowled for an hour and a half without a break." Yet he can turn the ball when he likes.

. . . . . .

THE last Test Match is to be played to a finish. We hope to issue a full report in our Christmas Number.

. . . . . .

'Tis trebly sad to have to view,
As one perambulates the town,
A man who is a double Blue,
Yet never has a single brown!

. . . . . .

ANOTHER headline:—"Women smoking on trams." Someone should have had the sense to throw water over them.

. . . . . .

WIRELESS apparatus, says a trade paper, is daily becoming better for sound. All we can say is our set is by no means crystal clear.

. . . . . .

"LOOK at the colour of that girl's hair. Doesn't it positively *scream* at you?"

"Yes, it's almost a case of hoarse hair."

By PETER FRASER

A "CRACK" PLAYER

STRANGER (*going out to bat*): "Send me out new bats at half-hour intervals!"

ANSWER to a radio correspondent:—No, Melba never sang "Ohm, sweet ohm."

. . . . . .

TWO women were so overcome in a London cinema by the production that they went into hysterics. Certainly it must have been one of those "moving" pictures.

. . . . . .

AN Oxford paper says that marmalade is the important item of an undergraduate's breakfast. Hence, of course, the Oxford manna.

. . . . . .

THE following pathetic outburst reaches us from an unknown poet:—

Sink me deep in a water-butt.
Tell her mother from me,
How I worshipped her daughter but
She only scorned my plea.
Do not weep,
But bury me deep;
Place a tombstone above:
Write so that all
May be warned by my fall—
"Here lies a fool in love!"

. . . . . .

"CAN the Aga Khan head the list of winning owners?" asks a racing friend. We should say the probability is that the Aga Khan't.

. . . . . .

THE only hope for agricultural India is to sow grain and then sow more grain, writes an expert. To which we reply, Just so.

. . . . . .

FOR having her hair shingled and then refusing to pay, a woman has been fined two pounds. Her excuse probably was that she hadn't got a "bob."

. . . . . .

"PUT your shirt on Coughdrop," was the advice recently sent out by a tipster. It sounds like one of those wires from the coarse.

. . . . . .

IT is said that girls are now wearing miniatures of their sweethearts on their shoe-buckles. The probable reason is that a girl wants to keep her lover at her feet.

. . . . . .

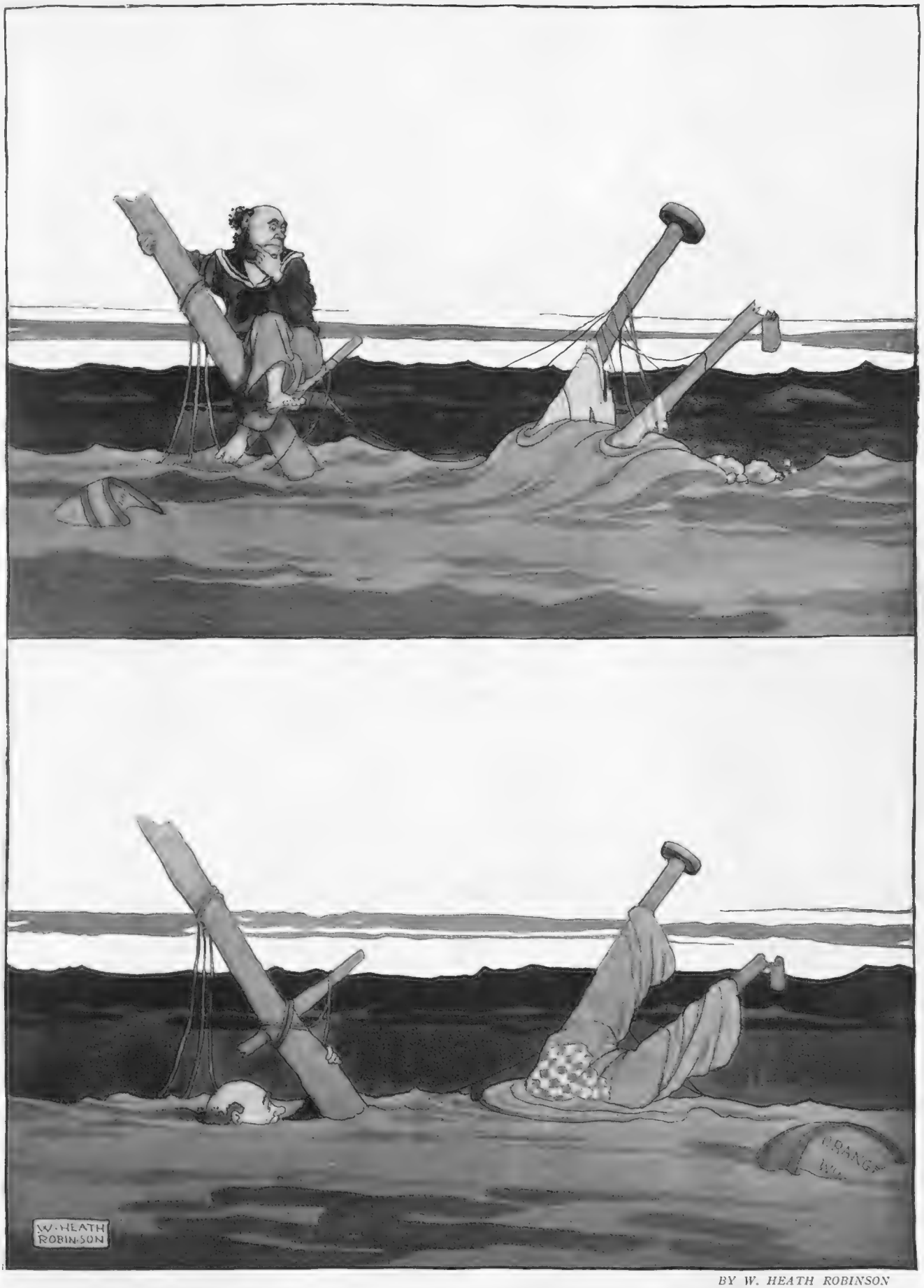
"BILL, you're a blooming builder: Wot keeps the moon from falling?"

"Dunno; unless it's the beams!"

. . . . . .

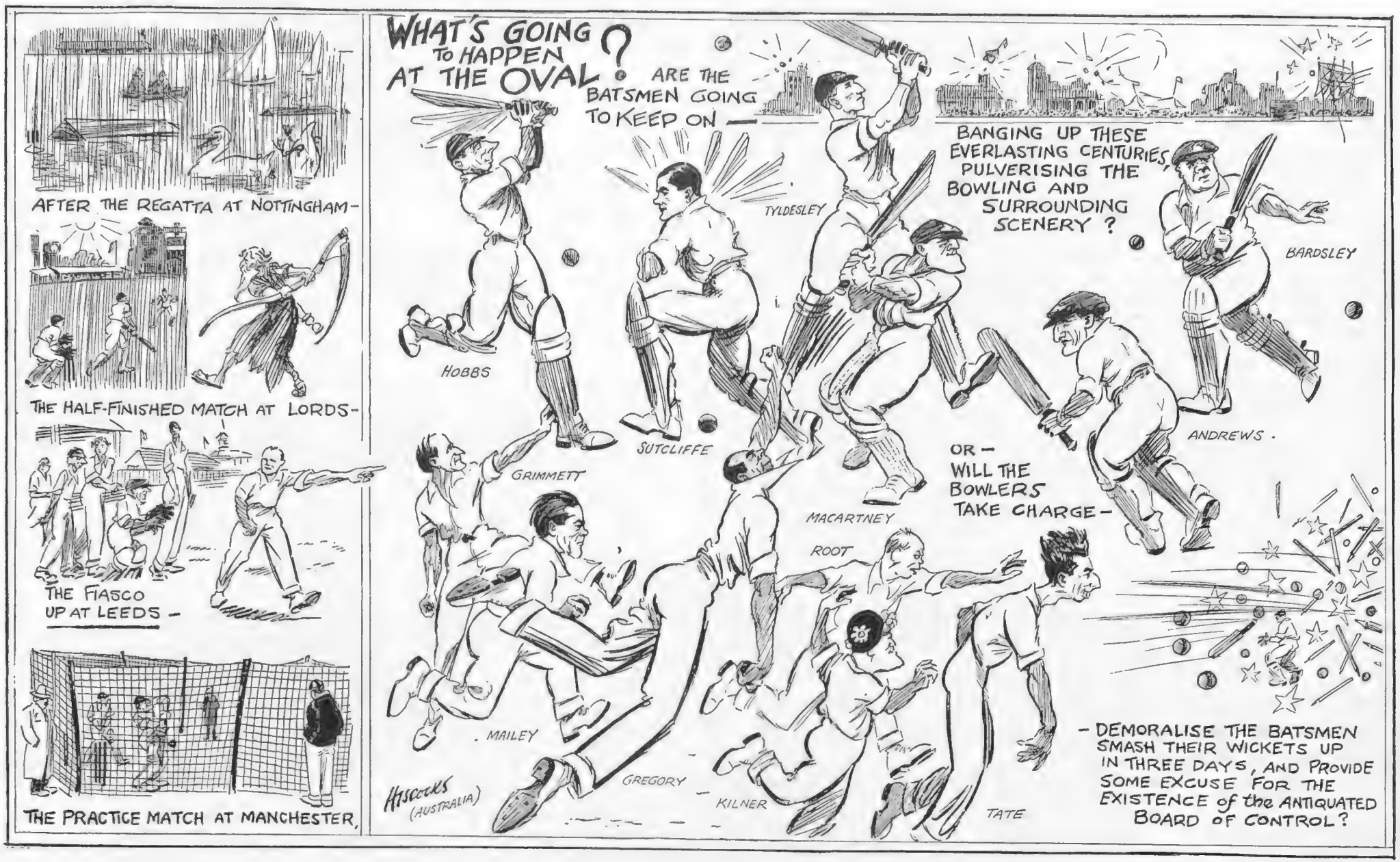
ANSWER to Correspondent: No, Tommy, the root of all evil is not the famous Worcestershire bowler.

Maritime Modesty!



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

An intelligent method adopted by an old salt to relieve himself of an embarrassing object of contemplation while shipwrecked in the Pacific



BY HISCOCKS

THE CRICKET QUESTION OF THE HOUR

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"The American dancer, Lola Menzeli"

Mes Amis—

It seems that there has been an extraordinary spreading among Parisiennes of the malady known as *vague à l'âme*, of which the outward and visible signs are *ennui*, lassitude, and crises of the nerves. Undoubtedly a part of the swift spreading has been due to the fact that, having been launched from fashionable circles, this complaint became *fort à la mode*.

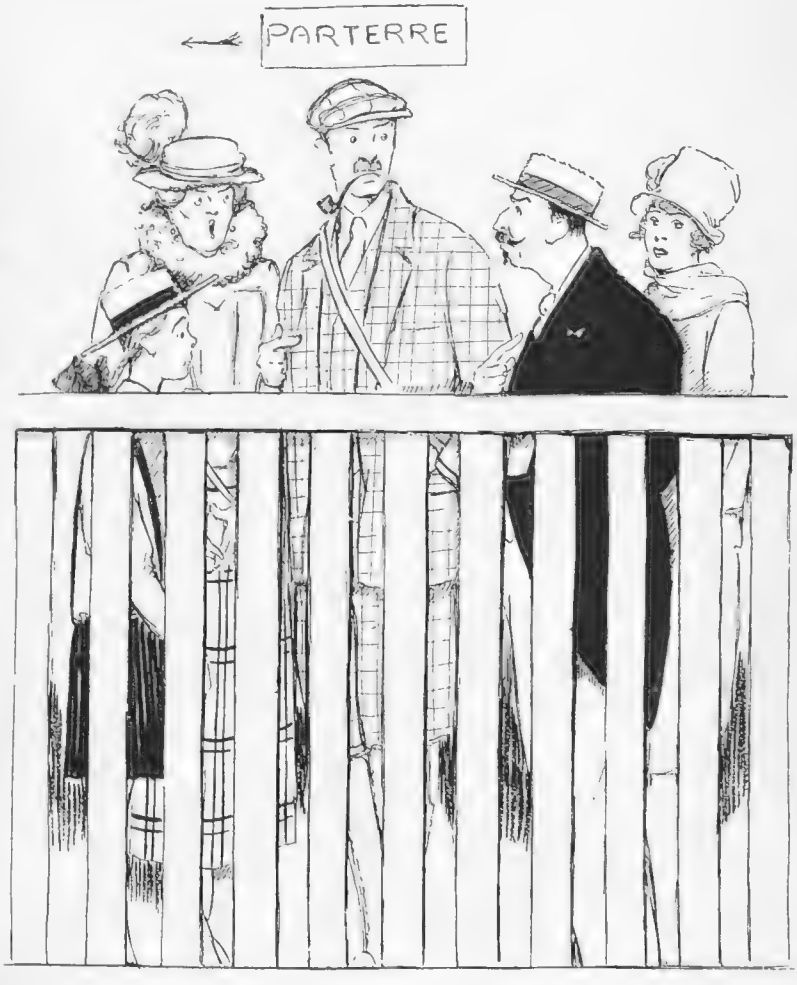
One doctor, highly popular with the most *chic* because of his counsels *savoureux*, much more interesting than the ordinary prescription, has apparently been inundated with applicants for advice, but it will be entertaining to see if he remains equally popular as the result of the later developments.

It appears that the bulk of his latest batches of visitors have not been the nominal victims of the *vague à l'âme*, but their husbands, the real victims, who have been almost driven into hysterics themselves by the *crises de nerfs* of their spouses. To these husbands the counsel is brief but blunt: When she starts, wallop her twice, and if she does not recover immediately, wallop her till she does. The evidence of the husbands is that the remedy has proved most effective. Fancy this in Paris, where the ruling adage is "Never strike a woman, *fut-ce avec une fleur.*"

There has been much mis-statement over the experiences recently endured by tourists in Paris, but in the Bystander, which has a particular interest in this question by reason of having warned English travellers in France to mind their Ps and Qs not merely yesterday, but very frequently within the last twelve months, there is reason to present the facts correctly.

Tourists, especially char-a-banc parties, were not only hissed and booed but jostled by crowds whose size made them appear menacing, and they had reason for complaint till the authorities quelled the misplaced ardour of the manifestants, for the victims, as is so often the case, were not generally those who were deserving of correction.

But to get the affair in its correct perspective, it certainly ought to be realised that most culpable of all was a section of the Paris Press, which daily placed provocative articles before a public exasperated by immediate financial worries and full of anxieties over a sombre-looking future. It is quite legitimate to argue that tourists favoured by the exchange rate were emptying France of her substance, and that it would be beneficial to the country if they were asked to keep away. But when newspapers advise Parisians to throw sticks in the wheels of the char-a-bancs and hiss the passengers with all their wind, that becomes incitement to attack, and can have no justification.

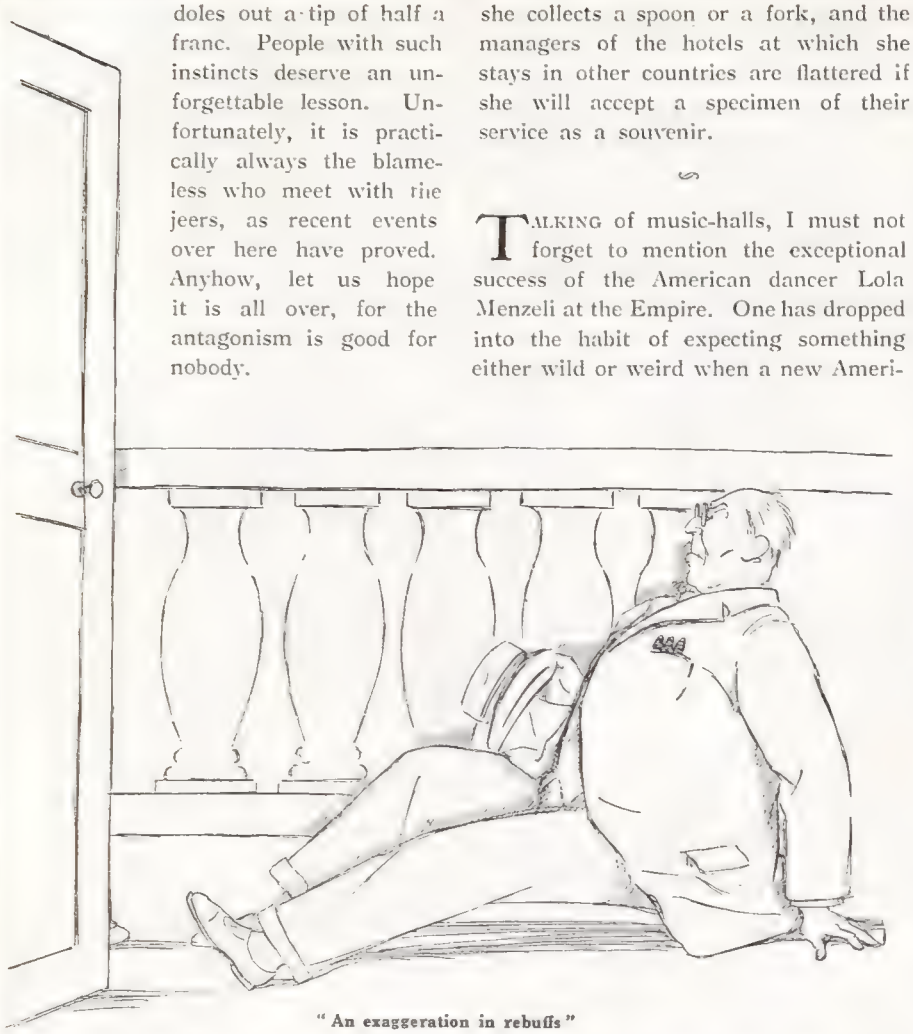


"It is an occasion for sharp protest"

Thus much said, it must be added in fairness that a number of the visitors do create grievances by their attempts to get both the ha'penny and the gingerbread at the expense of the unfortunately placed French. When you find a party of aged English spinsters bringing camp-stools to the doors of the Comédie-Française an hour or two before French working-people can be free and thus capturing the few cheap seats, priced at four or five francs, it is an occasion for sharp protest.

Similarly, when the Anglo-Saxon purchaser of four seventy-franc seats in a music-hall

doles out a tip of half a franc. People with such instincts deserve an unforgettable lesson. Unfortunately, it is practically always the blameless who meet with the jeers, as recent events over here have proved. Anyhow, let us hope it is all over, for the antagonism is good for nobody.



"An exaggeration in rebuffs"

As it is practically impossible to be certain that one is not treading on somebody's corns, in these tense days, it is advisable to push caution to the extreme. Consider the adventure of an American who is a silversmith of renown in his own land. He had heard that M. Léon Blum, who, despite being the leader of the French Socialist party and the chief apostle of the capital levy, is a very wealthy man, and possesses the finest collection of silver in Paris; so he called upon M. Blum and asked permission to see and admire it.

M. Blum, who has a gift for biting speech, rasped in response, "Sir, my house is neither a shop nor a museum." Which is rather an exaggeration in rebuffs. Most people would have been flattered by such a compliment from a specialist, but perhaps M. Blum feels it is not good for the Socialist "cause" that his silver should have a world-wide reputation.

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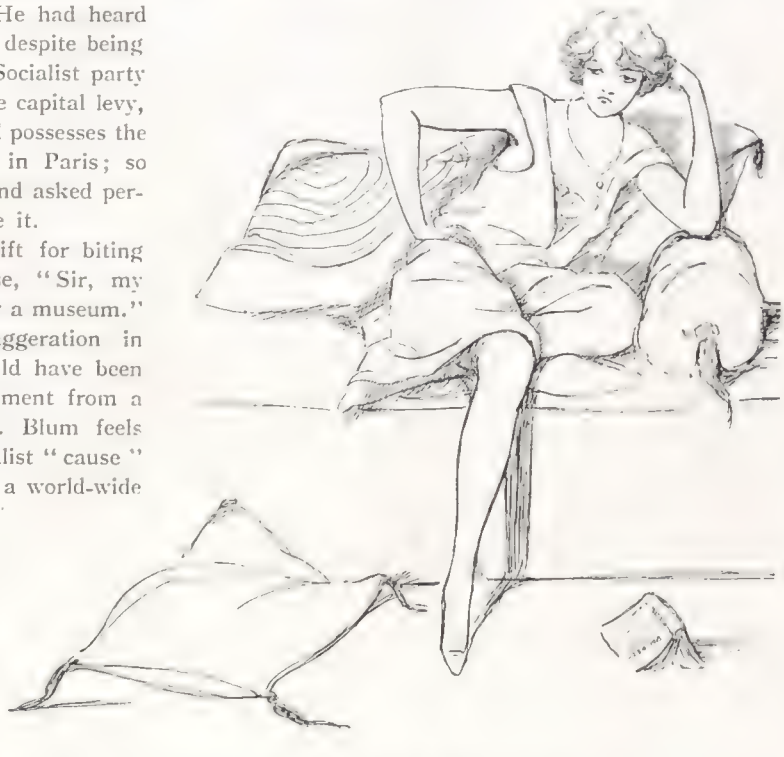
According to public rumour the only inhabitant of Paris who can compete with the silver of M. Blum is the music-hall *reine*, Mlle. Mistinguett. Wherever "Miss" goes on her travels she collects a spoon or a fork, and the managers of the hotels at which she stays in other countries are flattered if she will accept a specimen of their service as a souvenir.

ς

Talking of music-halls, I must not forget to mention the exceptional success of the American dancer Lola Menzeli at the Empire. One has dropped into the habit of expecting something either wild or weird when a new American dancer is announced, but Lola Menzeli has nothing of the frenzied or fantastic. She possesses a very uncommon natural gracefulness and a gossamer lightness, and her dances are more of the old world than the new. I believe she is going on to London from Paris, so you will have the opportunity of pronouncing a verdict for yourselves.



"The malady known as vague à lâme"

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One never can be sure if Michel Georges - Michel — the Society chronicler when he is not producing books—is talking seriously, but it is a freakish story he is telling about the novelist Maurice Dekobra, if true. They met in the lounge of an hotel in the United States and almost immediately Dekobra was approached by a policeman, who asked him to accompany him to the police-station as a charge had been laid against him, Georges-Michel following as a standby.

ς

The plaintiff was an American woman who alleged that Dekobra had pilloried her in a "very shocking" book, "La Madonne des Sleepings," contending that as she had wept all night in a "Sleeping" (*wagon-lit*), that she was blonde, and in the morning had opened the door to recount her story to the attendant, it was obviously she who had been pictured as the Madonna. She applied for the destruction of all the copies, but the magistrate turned an awkward corner by asking her to pursue the attendant, who was several hundred miles away.

ς

After she had begun her search, the two writers were having a consolation drink together when Dekobra announced that, in spite of himself, he had just become madly infatuated with the virtuous American who had sought his condemnation, and must try to discover her. He has recently found her in Paris after several years' interval, and the wedding is shortly to be celebrated in a *Mairie* in the west of Paris. Maybe this is all one hundred per cent. fact, but it does sound like the plot of another book, or perhaps a sequel to the first.

René.

"One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"That isn't your fault, is it, dear?"

. . . .

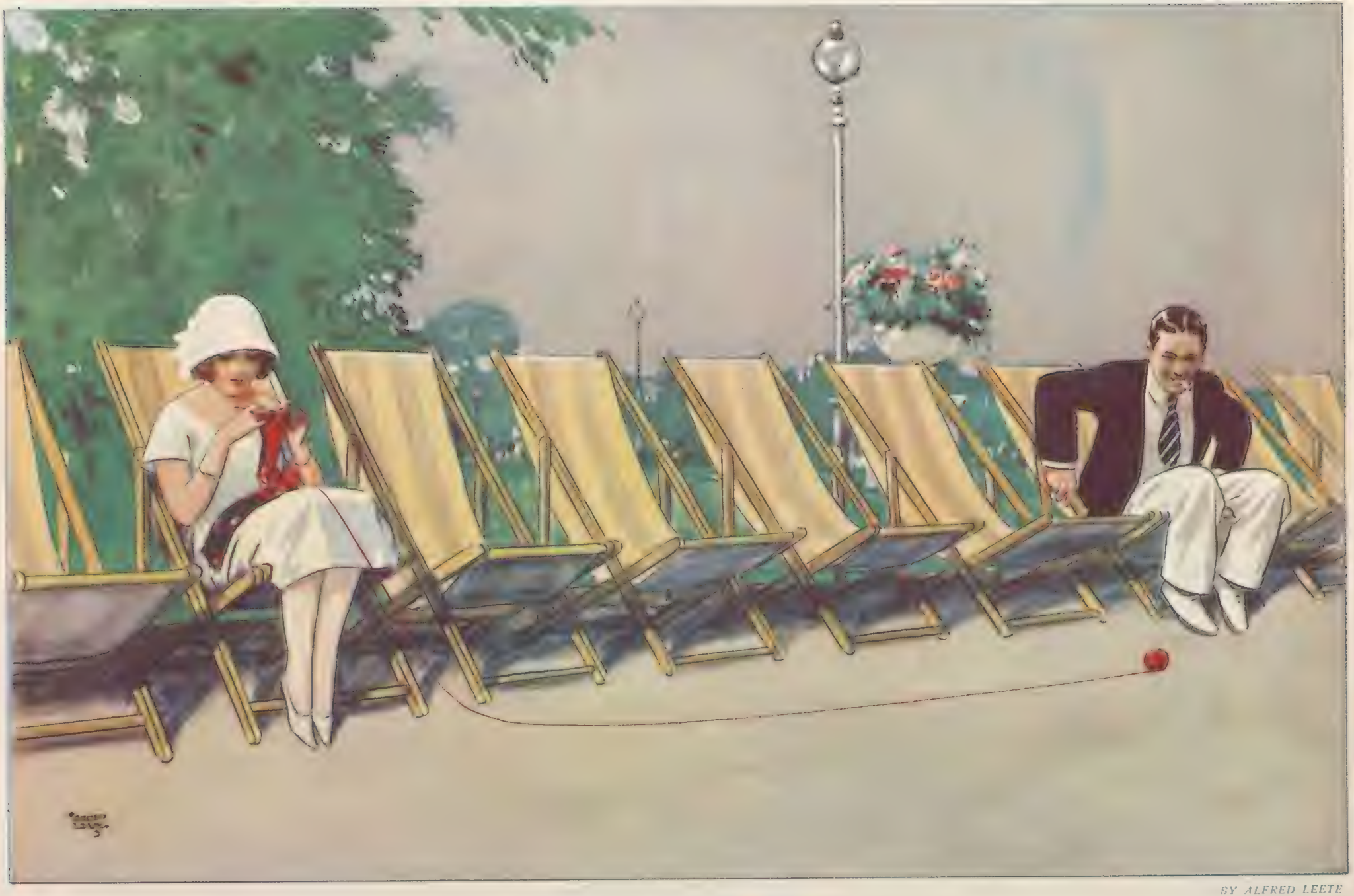
Billiards is said to be an increasingly popular game among girls. Few of them, we suppose, find any difficulty in putting on side.

BY ALBERT LAHEY

"A COUPLA JAZZ BABIES"

"EAST-NOR'-E

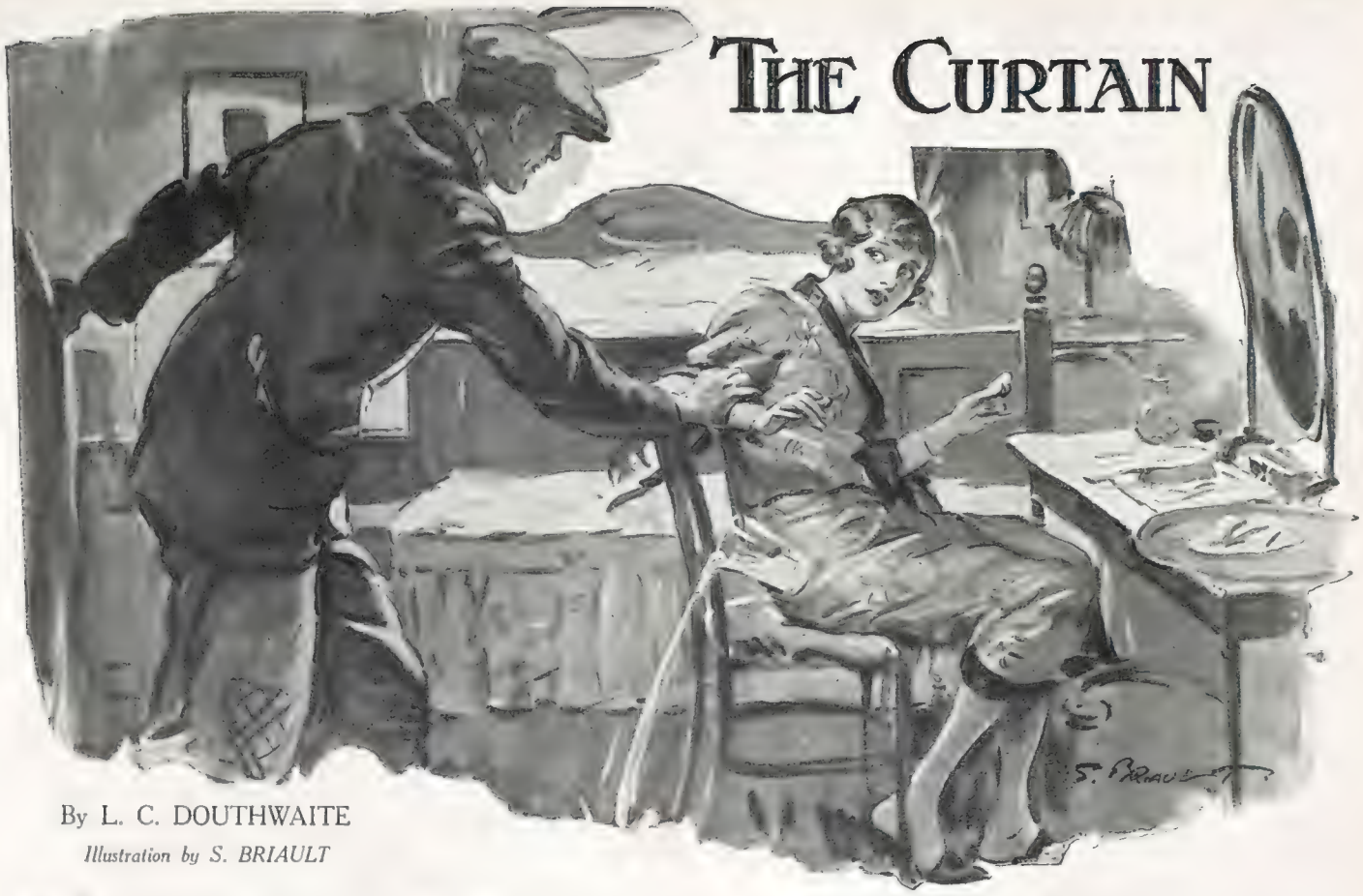
OR-EAST"



BY ALFRED LEETE

SETTING THE BALL ROLLING

The Curtain



By L. C. DOUTHWAITE

Illustration by S. BRIAULT

Mr. Spike Jaggers, known alternatively to an exasperated but faintly admiring Scotland Yard as "The King of the Cats," shinned up the water-pipe and through the second-floor window to find himself in a somewhat large recess, which, the hour being well after midnight, was shut off from the bedroom by thick and closely-drawn curtains.

It was with an inaudible sigh of relief that, parting these only sufficiently for his purpose, he discovered the room also to be in darkness.

Nevertheless he listened intently for the sound of breathing. Because the family had been away two days ago was not to say that they were still absent. In his rare moments of confidence Spike had been known to attribute his complete ignorance of police-court procedure to having adopted and maintained the slogan "Safety First" as his watchword, and a thrilling, miraculous, and altogether splendid event, keeping him within doors, having forbidden his customary last-minute "once-over," he was not entirely up to date in his information.

No sound reaching him, he switched on his torch, and with the open window as line of retreat, circled the room with its beam. His heart beat pleasingly at what the light disclosed; thick carpet, an unoccupied and silken-hung bed, rare prints on the walls. At right angles to the curtained recess immediately facing him stood a broad glass-topped dressing-table upon which was a heavy gold toilet set, carelessly discarded rings, bracelets, and—the main objective of his present activity—a ruby and diamond necklace.

The soul of Spike Jaggers burst into song. Where he had anticipated a greater risk than usual and hours of toiling against some modern and fiendishly contrived safe, here was everything laid out for his selection. One quick dive across those few feet of carpet, a rapid but efficient harvest of the spoil, and a quick getaway. Everything fine and dainty; jake with the levers up.

He sidled through the curtains and streaked soft-footed into the room. Half-way across the floor he halted abruptly, turned, and dived back to cover as swiftly and silently as a lizard into its crevice. From quite near by a girl had commenced to sing.

From the narrowest of openings between the curtains Spike gazed intensively into the room. The song continued:

"How can I be hap-ie, if you are not hap-ie too-o-o?"

A clear fresh voice, but immature. Some quality in its *timbre*, a certain warm sincerity, stirred Spike's long-atrophied soul to a puzzled and half-protesting response! A twenty-four-hour-old influence in life seemed rather disconcertingly to have opened up possibilities which previously he had not realised the existence of. It was this which made him decide to make his getaway while the going was still good.

And then, before he could put the resolution into effect, came the click of a switch, and the room was flooded with light. A door opened, and to the accompaniment of an odour of warm water and bath salts a girl passed through into the room.

She was about twenty years of age, and (except for a certain parboiled atomy he had left an hour ago clutching with instinctive purpose at her mother's breast as already she had gripped his own serrated heart), the loveliest of all created women. Her slim figure was covered only lightly by a kimono of delphinium blue, which threw into more tender relief the eyes shining steadfast and unafraid from a face framed in the burnished chestnut of her hair. Half walking, half dancing, she passed to the dressing-table, seated herself, and still singing softly to herself began to pass a gold-backed brush through her hair.

There was a knock at the door, and a maid appeared with a glass of milk and a plate of biscuits.

Her brush in mid-air, the girl glanced over her shoulder, and at the sheer loveliness of the pose Spike Jaggers said "Gawd!" very softly and fervently to himself. He repeated the word at the sound of her voice, which, clear and soft, had a little husky break in it which seemed, literally, to clutch at his heartstrings.

"Put the tray on the dressing-table, please Janette," she said. "Here—on my left."

The maid said "Yes, miss," and

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

passing behind the girl laid down her burden within a foot of the curtain which separated the alcove from the room.

"Anything more, miss?" Janette enquired.

"Not to-night, thank you," came the reply.

There was a murmured exchange of "good-nights," and, the maid closing the door behind her, Spike pulled himself together preparatory to "beating it."

He couldn't have robbed the girl now, anyway. He hoped to Gawd the kid at home'd grow up something like . . . Not much chance of that, though, it struck him rather bleakly, with a father who . . . However!

He sighed, and put his eye to the chink in the curtain. Just one more glimpse before he took to the woods.

The girl was still seated before her mirror, more alluring, more than ever a model for what he would like the years to bring to the kid . . .

It was at the moment when he was on the point of turning away that, suddenly, he stiffened, and into his eyes flashed an expression of incredulous horror. For issuing from the folds of the curtains opposite came a man's hand, long and white and inconceivably furtive. And clasped between thumb and finger of that hand was a tiny blue bottle—corkless.

Slowly, but with the cold inevitability of a snake, the hand stole forward—paused directly above the untouched glass of milk. The phial tilted, the contents, colourless but inexpressibly sinister, dripped noiselessly into the glass. Then swiftly the hand withdrew once more through the curtains.

It occurred so quickly that this, with the setting of a warm, brightly lighted room and the girl still humming cheerfully over her toilet, conspired to affect Spike with a sense of unreality. The thing was grotesque, nightmarish. He became suddenly aware that his skin was coldly moist; the hand which held the curtains trembled. Of course, he hadn't really seen anything. Just nerves.

He told himself this because he wanted to go, and he wanted to go quickly and at once. In any case it was no business of his. And, with a wife weak and ill, and—and—that new interest tugging him homeward with hands so frail and tiny as to be irresistible, he couldn't afford to take any chances. Always in the practice of his profession the thought of prison had haunted him; now the threat of it bore a strong approximation to hell. Sorry for the young lady and all that, but he'd got to go . . .

Suppose he just *shouted: "Don't drink that milk, miss!"* and then beat it out of the window and down the pipe? But probably she wouldn't understand what he said; only yell out and rouse the house before he could make his getaway.

No! No sense in buttin' into trouble, with that new kid at home to look after and teach to think her dad the . . . sort of chap to see a girl murdered rather than run a bit of risk? Was that what she'd think if she knew?

But, of course, she never *would* know. Nobody would. Except himself, of course—*he'd* know . . . And when Rosemary—because that was what he was going to have her christened, and her mother wasn't going to stop him—and when Rosemary was just such another as the girl who was going to drink po—a glass of milk, it'd be rotten if the thought of—anything—sort of spoilt things.

Tripe! Of course it wouldn't. Anyone'd think he'd killed the girl himself. And how did he know it *was* poison, anyway? Maybe it was just knock-out drops—put in the milk by some crook waiting to scoop the kitty when she was under the dope.

The thought made him angry. P'raps he'd better wait right there where he was . . . But suppose what was in the milk wasn't just dope—and he watched her drink it . . . ? And there was something about that hand . . . No good hanging about if he wasn't going to butt in, though. She might drink it any moment now.

Yes, by God, so she might. In after years what would he think of a chap who to save himself a mild "stretch" just stood by, or ran away—while Rosemary . . .

His mouth knife-edged, he dropped the window-latch and went back to the curtains. He was in time to see the girl put down her brushes and throw her hands above her head in a frank and unrestrained yawn.

Then she took one of the biscuits and nibbled it contemplatively. Her fingers closed about the glass of milk . . .

The hand holding the glass had left the tray and was half-way to her mouth as Spike swung aside the curtains, cleared the intervening space, and grasping an arm, from which the sleeve had fallen away so that his hand showed thick and coarse-grained against the white soft flesh, sent the milk cascading to the carpet.

"Don't drink it, miss!" he gulped hoarsely and unnecessarily.

He saw her face whiten as she swung about to face him, but by the command she instantaneously regained, and that the tremor in her voice was hardly perceptable, he realised, exultingly, the high order of her courage.

"What do you mean?" she said steadily. "And who are you, and what are you doing here—in my room? And why upset my milk?"

He looked at her, a pulse throbbing in his throat so that he had difficulty in speaking. She met his eyes steadily, her own, vividly blue, perplexed. There was about her something serene and unafraid which made him thank whatever gods were his that he had turned back.

"I'm a crook, miss," he said slowly. "I was just goin' to clear"—he waved his hand in the direction of the dressing-table—"all that—when you came in from your bath. So I dodged behind them curtains—reckonin' to go back the way I came."

Her eyes searched his, shrewdly appraising.

"Why didn't you?" she said at last.

"Because I saw a hand come through them curtains and put poison in your glass of milk," he said slowly.

Her change of expression was by no means so violent as he had anticipated. She neither blenched at the narrowness of her escape, nor did horror strike her with the thought that she was dealing with a madman.

"You saw *what?*" she repeated blankly.

He told her again; elaborated, perhaps, on the length and slim whiteness of that sinister hand. Like the majority of those who live by irregular means he was not without a sense of drama.

"You see, miss," he concluded, "I've a girl of my own—only a day or so old and—well she'll be your age some day, an'—anyhow, I just couldn't beat it without giving you the 'office' about the milk."

She was silent for a moment. Then, quite suddenly, a little gleam of understanding flashed into her eyes. Without a word she turned and drew back the curtains disclosing, not a sheer drop to the street, as was the case with the windows opposite, but an iron balcony.

"Wait," she said quietly.

She stepped out on to the balcony and tapped at a window a few yards to the left. Invited, apparently, to enter, she disappeared into the room.

"And now," Spike muttered to himself, "to get to hell out of this."

But even as the thought came he knew that he could not act upon it. This was a job that had to be seen through to the finish.

In any case she was back so quickly there wouldn't have been time, and now she was not alone. A man was with her, and Spike's heart sank to zero. Curiously, however, it was not the thought of capture which seemed, somehow, to turn him physically sick. He didn't think she'd have—well—done the dirty on him.

(Continued on page 322)

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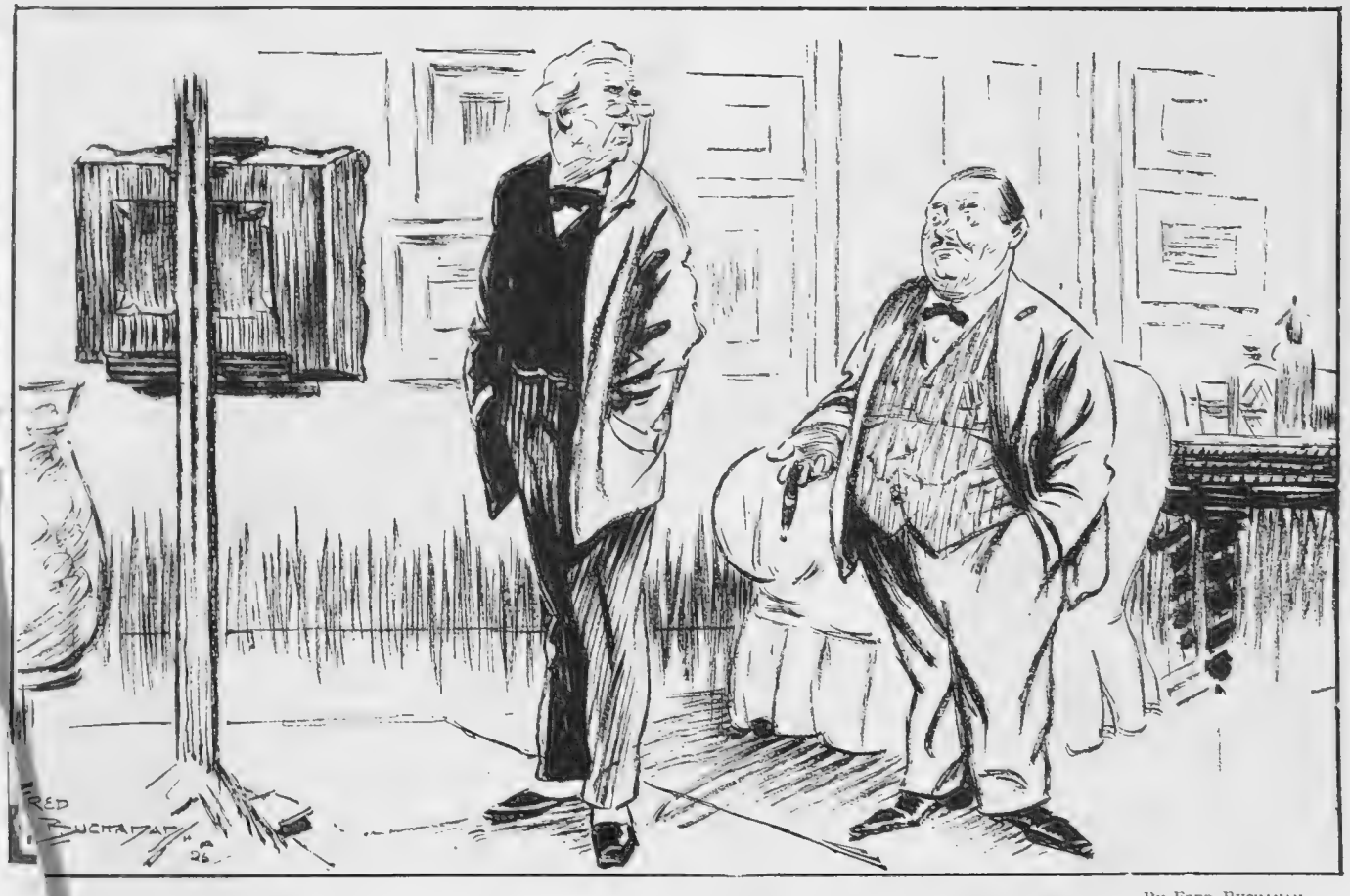
By Leo Cheney

VERY LITTLE-GO

"How many times have you failed this exam, Wilfred?"
"To-morrow will be the third time!"



By Fred Buchanan

A REPE-TITIAN

The Critic: "D'you mean to say you bought this picture as a genuine Titian?"
The Owner: "I did that—and if it *ain't* a genuine Titian, then I've been swindled out o' two quid!"

The Camera's Record of Players and

MRS. AND MISS THYNNE

LORD AND LADY DIGBY

LADY HULTON AND MR. THOMPSON

Photographs

LORD DALMENY AND LADY ZIA WERNHER

Alfieri

MISS WALKER AND MISS VERNEY

The annual custom of holding the Cowdray Park Tournament in the evenings after racing is over for the day at the Goodwood Meeting provides seen, although rain put the lower ground out of action

Spectators at the Cowdray Park Tournament

Whitefriars Photo

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

Sport and General

THE SCOPWICK TEAM WHO BEAT THE 17/21 LANCERS

Sport and General

A TUSSLE BETWEEN SCOPWICK AND THE 17/21 LANCERS

Whitefriars Photo

CAPT. A. W. PILKINGTON (left) AND LORD WODEHOUSE

lovers of Polo with one of the most enjoyable events of the season. This year's Tournament was well attended and some first-rate Polo was for a time and made the upper ground rather slow

The Conquest of Rigi

By W. E. RICHARDS

BERENICE and I consider that the Alpine Club should be informed of our conquest of the Rigi. We are not actuated by personal ambition, but when the proud claim of the German Reich rings round the world, we wish to point out that we, too, were present.

We had no intention of climbing when we rose. Indeed, we hoped to avoid those tough-minded travellers who insist on making our plans for us; plans which invariably involve a great deal of exercise. We sat down to a slow, luxurious breakfast, the prelude to a slow, luxurious day.

The matrons and daughters of the Fatherland sat in silence awaiting their lords and masters, who were later this morning than usual, for we were disputing the ownership of the last roll before they appeared. Their family reunions breathed a happy but ordered domesticity

But this morning the atmosphere was more martial. Iron-studded boots rang on the parquet floor as the men marched solemnly to their families, and shook hands all round in order of seniority. Accoutred, or rather upholstered, in strong breeches, Norfolk jacket, thick stockings, each man bore an enormous rucksack and trailed an alpenstock or steel-pointed stick. A creditable display of weapons for a disarmed nation.

It was a solemn moment. Something of Spartan resignation shone in the eyes of the women, answering the dogged will-to-conquer in the set faces of their menkind.

BY STAN TERRY

A WEIGHTY PROBLEM

"Your 'bags' need pressing badly. Why don't you put them under the mattress?"

"No use, old thing—I'm such a fearfully light sleeper!"

"War!" I whispered hoarsely, "*Revanche!*"

"It doesn't look much like the Locarno spirit," admitted Berenice.

"As the secretary of the Puddlehampton Branch of the League of Nations Union," I said, "What are you going to do about it?"

Berenice helped herself to more honey. The waiter staggered under a heap of packed lunches, enough to provision a regiment.

"'An army marches on its stomach,'" I quoted, "That waiter is probably a German spy. If he were a Swiss he'd understand French."

"Not yours, dear," said Berenice sweetly.

I signalled to the head waiter.

"Are they marching to Sedan, to Paris, or to Armageddon?" I asked.

"*Nein, nein,*" he replied "They the Rigi climb."

"Thank you. Berenice, your League of Nations is still safe. They are not even declaring war on Brazil. They only propose to climb a mountain."

But Berenice was not thinking of Locarno or Geneva.

"If they can, we can. I'm not going to be beaten by Germans," she exclaimed with a scorn of foreigners unworthy of an official of the League of Nations Union.

"But, my dear," I protested, "mountaineering isn't undertaken so lightheartedly. We have no guides, no ropes, no ice-axes, no alpenstocks, no studded boots, and, what is still more serious, no packed lunch."

"Packed lunch, sir? But certainly, sir," said the waiter, disappearing through the door with a whisk of his coat tails.

"We'll just follow them and do what they do," suggested Berenice. "If we can't outclimb them, at least England will share the honour.

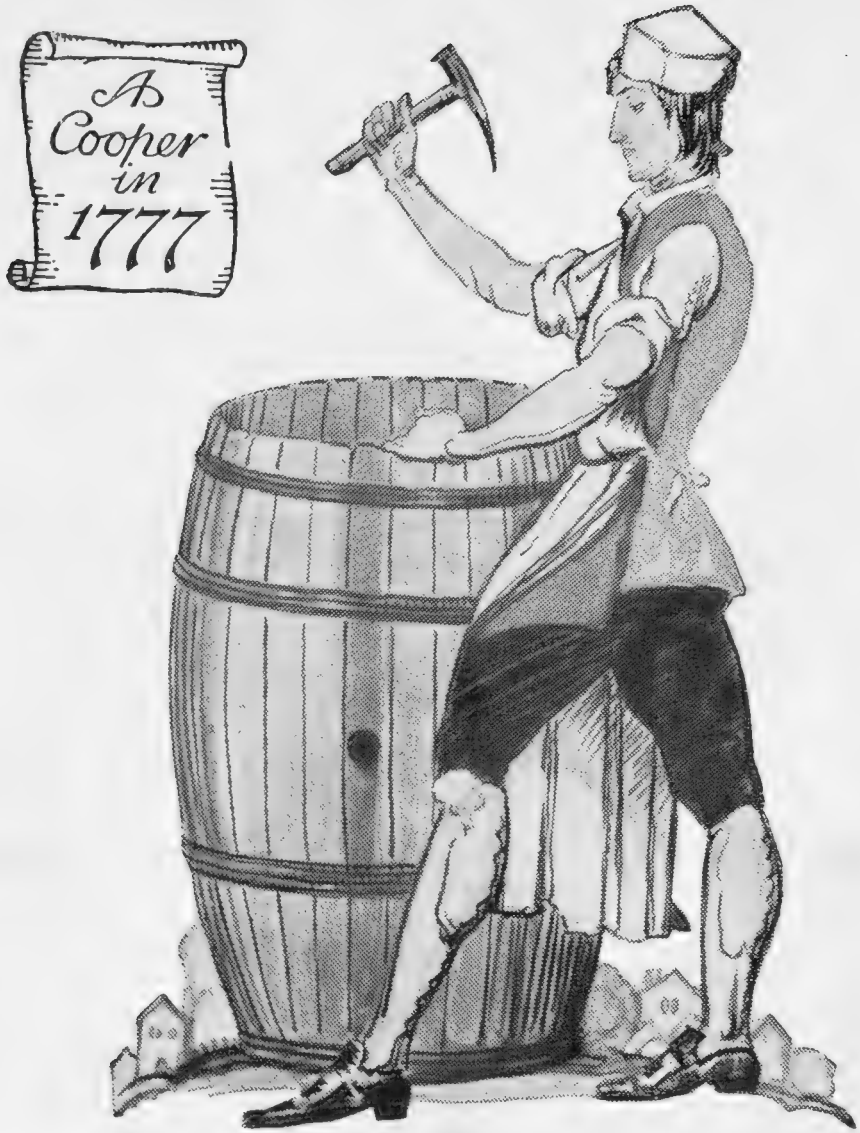
* * * * *

The Germans, with many farewells, left their womenkind, donned their Homberg hats, and clattered through the hotel. We followed at a discreet distance.

Unconsciously they thrust out their chests and marched in semi-military formation. We tried to look like holiday makers and not camp followers.

Having negotiated the level crossing, they passed the solitary *gendarme* without challenge, wheeled to the left and marched downhill. We also strolled casually to the left.

The Germans had halted. We took our places at the tail of the queue. When our turn came we also booked return tickets on the funicular.



Could you but hear the stout Oak Staves groan as they are bent within the hoops, you would marvel at the COOPER'S skill. Not for many Years, though, have BASS casks been made by Hand; and BASS'S ELECTRIC COOPERAGE to-day is the largest in the country.

A GOOD WORD FOR EVERYBODY

BASS

The Quality Ale

B 25

TRADE MARK

Are We Really Barbarians?

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Just spending"

LONDON, *August* 9.

DEAR COUSIN—

WE are a barbarous nation, says Mr. Bernard Shaw, just to celebrate his seventieth birthday—and further to point the edge of his bright remark sends it in a birthday letter to a highly eminent Hun, a member of that other nation which just a few years ago was giving us a bit of a lesson in that very same department, or direction, was not it? A barbarous nation, we are, says he, in matters of culture — thinking, doubtless, fondly the while of the oh-so-different development of our late opponents in the matter of *Kultur!*

卐

OF course, he's so clever, G.B.S., I mean, that he can say, I suppose, whatever he likes, and no one can ever be really cross with him, because no one'd hit a genius on the head, would they? any more than they'd smack a baby or a kitten—not, at least, anyone *human*, that is. Commonly celebrated for standing on his head, *n'est-ce pas?* and does it so delightfully that we can even almost bear with that terribly *démodé* as well as, by all modern standards, insanitary beard. (*He*, isn't too barbarous, anyway, what?)

"Sadie Q. Potts"

RATHER wonder, by the way, I do, why Mr. Shaw *does* wear a beard. Of course, it's good publicity, and he's on the whole not altogether bad at that, what? And to be the owner of one of The Last Six Beards In England—other proprietors of the same being H.M. the King and Mr. Solly Joel, and three more whose names I've just for the moment forgotten—is in itself a distinction most men might covet, yet, for that very reason, you'd think G.B.S. would despise. But then that's, of course, just one of the attractions of this dearly-beloved and also dearly-hated patriarch who's (as perhaps not so young as he was these days, I'm afraid, some ways, but whose works are so always astonishingly fresh, and biting, and new.

卐

YET, you know, Mr. Shaw isn't, perhaps, *altogether* quite so wonderful as he was, which is rather sad, isn't it, dear Cousin? What I mean is—well, seventy and a beard *is* a bit of a handicap, but how *did* this tutelary genius of ours (I don't think) happen to make in his few kind words to Dr. Stresemann the remark that we (meaning us, the British people) "have a genuine dread of intellect in any form, and a conviction that art, though highly enjoyable clandestinely, is essentially immoral"?

卐

ALAS, alas! dear Cousin, didst thou ever hear anything quite so devastatingly Victorian, not to say pre-Victorian and pre-anything? To-day, meseems, we have, on the contrary, a perfect *schwärm* for intellect (and fearfully boring, too, sometimes) and a burning conviction that art, however immoral, must be immensely and intensely enjoyable. Which is all for the good of the artists and intellectuals, of course, but *rather* puts a date on the once-so-frightfully-dashing-and-brilliant epigrammatical dramatist who wrote such an amazingly and astonishingly effective first play.

卐

WHAT a sort of shivering shock it was, though—happening to do a couple of first nights on end—to find oneself so painstakingly trying to be amused at Lord Lathom's so-much-talked-about effort, *The Way You Look At It*, at the Queen's. Wherein there's a young man who lives in sin and a perfect nightmare of a gorgeous

"The owner of one of The Last Six Beards"

flat at a rich lady's expense, but finally gives it all up (*and* Isabel Jeans) so's to marry a Pure Young English Girl. Only to find, though, that the P.Y.E.G. (who's Edna Best) has gone and fixed *her*self up meanwhile with a rich gent. So she walks out of his life, so to speak, through the drawing-room door, and the curtain falls and the gallery laughs—or did the night *I* was there, anyway.

卐

IN which above-mentioned drama, though, there was, it's true, and to give the d——l his due, as they say, at least one bright spot, which was when Isabel, excellently slinky, as usual, in perfect dreams of frocks, remarked somewhat cuttingly of one of her worst friends: "She means well—but, oh! so little." Also a not so gloomy one when the so-called hero told us that "I'm a very well spent youth." Though one had a kind of feeling all the time that Oscar Wilde used to say these sort of things in his sleep some thirty or so years ago, what? And they do work *so*

(*Continued on page* 332)

"All the acceleration you want"

"There is no question about it, Doctor," says the Garage Manager. "Your car is in perfect order. Don't blame your engine if it will not pick up quickly. You yourself often recommend your patients to change their diet. I recommend you to change your fuel. Run on "BP" and you will get all the acceleration you want. The racing men use it. And they know."

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". . . . Old Gudyill associated himself with a party so much to his taste . . . .

"'When the Duke dined here,' said the butler . . . . 'I jaloused him, sir, no to be the friend to the government he pretends. . . . Sae, sir, did I say to mysell 'Diel a drap gangs down his hause unless I was mair sensible o' his principles.' . . . But when I can find a true friend to the King and his cause . . . . I think there's naething in the cellar ower gude to be spared on him'."

OLD MORTALITY. BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

And, be it said, had his time been our time, Old John Gudyill would have agreed Black & White as a thing amply "gude" in which to pledge the most emphatic of partisans. For Black & White —mellow, aged Black & White—makes always for respect and friendship, and for honourable agreement. Old John Gudyill was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

BLACK & WHITE
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"Au Grand Air" at Le Touquet

KEEPING THEIR EYE ON IT *G.P.U.*

A holiday foursome in progress on the links at Le Touquet. The photograph shows Dr. S. Lewis, Mr. Trevor Wignall, Dr. Leigh and Dr. Crichton Allison taking their pleasures as seriously as golfers should

Topical

ON THE LINKS

Miss Rosemary Corry and Miss Violet Newall taking the short rest—not at the billiard table be it noted, but on the links. "Le Golf" is claiming as many followers as ever this summer

G.P.U.

UP BEFORE THE BEAK

Lord and Lady Dudley having a few words with their pet parrot in the grounds of their home, "Chalet du Bois," where all the flowers and shrubs have been brought from England. Lady Dudley was better known to theatre-goers as Miss Gertie Millar

ARE WE REALLY BARBARIANS? (continued)

hard to be smart, don't they, some of the great young dramatists of to-day?

Though not any harder, methinks, than the millionaires and people whom it's their job, I suppose, to amuse—the kind, I mean, that are labouring so diligently this very moment as ever is at Deauville or the Lido. Where all that is best and brightest among the opulent Americans, also

The Portuguese and the Argentines,
The Armenians and the Greeks,

as the Duncan Sisters used to sing, are simply most fearfully busy leading the Simple Life and seeing who can do it most expensively and with gold knobs on, not to mention diamonds and pearls.

Priceless pyjamas, for instance, of shimmering gold and peacock blue, etcet., being worn by Sadie Q. Potts and Constantinides Eumorfopoulos and Co. for the back-to-nature rest cure of the Lido, where some of 'em even don their pearls for bathing. While at Deauville it's possible to pay at least three times Paris prices for your little lunch or dinner at the Royale, or the Splendide, or the Normandie, with its grassy courtyard, and expend countless thousands in the little shops with the bright window-boxes that cluster round the Casino, every ten yards or so of ground being traversed in suitably glittering 1,000 h.p. car, jewelled in every hole .... P'raps just a shade on the barbarian side *that*.

"In the matter of Kultur"

After all which, mere holidaying in Scotland or Harrogate sounds quite too terribly pedestrian and bourgeois and dull, doesn't it—especially as conducted in company with mere Englishwomen who are, we're told, "the very worst dressed in the world." According to one authority, that is, Lady Duff-Gordon, who's a dressmaker herself, you know, and says it's all because Englishmen are so self-conscious and won't have their women stared at that they always have their skirts either too short or too long. Which reminds me rather of Lord Lathom's play—I mean, I suppose, it's meant to mean something clever, but am not altogether sure what. Anyway, we shall probably continue to survive somehow, all the same, and perhaps enjoy life in our barbarous Britannic way.

Not too barbaric our aforesaid life is though on occasions. As, for instance, when lunching in that delightful restaurant at the Hyde Park Hotel with the sun making the trees outside look too wonderfully alluring even in August, and M. Taponnier discoursing soft music with the touch of a real master. Then one really feels that even the erudite and hirsute G.B.S. "ain't got nothing on us," as some of our visitors from Gawd's Own Country put it.

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

"THE NINETEENTH HOLE"

A reproduction of Messrs. Schweppes' famous poster advertising their popular Lemon Squash.

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RACING NOTIONS By "CARBINE"

BY "THE TOUT"

"NOTHING VENTURE"

Mr. J. Buchanan Jardine, who owns that well-known "handicapper," with his jockey, J. Leach

Autumn Entries

DURING the past few days racing people have been studying with a good deal of interest the entries for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. The bookmakers will soon be getting busy with their lists on these events. Plenty of people have not the patience to wait for the appearance of either the weights or the acceptances before making their investments on the fascinating autumn handicaps. The lure of long odds attracts them. It seems to me that both races are likely to come up to traditional interest. Class is splendidly represented in each case. For example, among the three-year-olds in the Cesarewitch is Lancegaye, a colt who, in my opinion, presents the only possible danger to Coronach in the St. Leger. Another young horse who will probably be seen in the last of the season's classic races is Comedy King, who has been given a chance both in the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire.

The Big Double

MR. A. K. MACOMBER will always cherish pleasant recollections of the great double he brought off in these races last season with Forseti and Masked Marvel. Both horses are entered again, and the American owner has a team in the Cambridgeshire large enough to provide an interesting race all by themselves. I daresay a popular choice for the long-distance events will be Pons Asinorum. It will be recalled that he was rather unluckily beaten in the Cambridgeshire last autumn. But for the fact that he was ridden on that occasion by a jockey who had never been on his back before, he would probably have been just too good for Masked Marvel. During the present campaign Pons Asinorum has shown that he is a stayer of an unusual order. The effort he made in the Ascot Gold Cup was decidedly creditable.

I think, therefore, that the Cesarewitch is likely to be his race this time, though it must be remembered that Mr. Solly Joel also has Glommen in that race.

Current Events

THE second half of the Sussex Fortnight proved as successful as the first in the all-important matter of weather. Brighton Meeting brought together some huge crowds of holiday-makers, and the racing worked out interestingly enough. At the end of the week the Chepstow Meeting opened successfully, and there should be a bright future for this new venture. During the present week the chief fixtures are at Kempton Park, Windsor, and Redcar. The last-named meeting is to be congratulated upon having secured a week-end fixture. The Redcar programme is as fully charged as usual with attractions. There is an excellent acceptance for the Redcar Handicap on Saturday, which seems to me a reasonably good thing for **Simeon's Fort.** In the South on the same day the Windsor Summer Handicap may be won by **The Big Three.**

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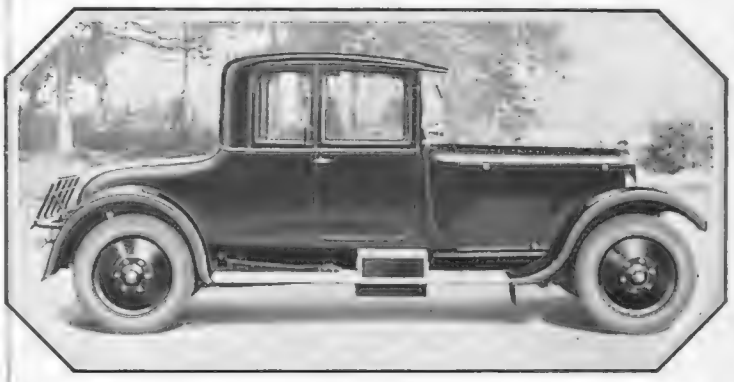
'NUGGET' WHITE CLEANER IN BOTTLES 9D.

For Tennis Shoes—will not rub off.

941

The 21 h.p. 6-Cylinder Lanchester



THE Lady Driver will find the Lanchester a car that is suited to her requirements in every way. The control is simplicity itself, steering is beautifully light, and gear changing calls for no effort. The 21 h.p. 6-cylinder Coupé illustrated possesses a particular appeal; it is compact, yet provides ample accommodation. The lines of the body suggest luxurious travel, and the interior is upholstered in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. We shall be pleased to forward photographs and specifications on request. Dunlop Tyres standard.

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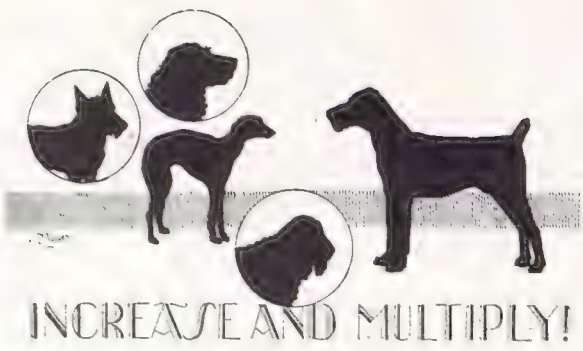


INCREASE AND MULTIPLY!

FASHIONABLE DOG FIGURES

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE interdependence of things generally in the complex jigsaw of our twentieth-century life is illustrated by the fact that the official experts concerned reckon the registration of pedigree Dogs during the first half of this year suffered a drop of fully one thousand as the result of the General Strike. Withal, the total was 2000 higher than for the corresponding period of last year.

The figures are always a little lower in the first than in the second half of the year; but this doesn't indicate that fewer canine aristocrats see the light in the new year; rather the contrary, I fancy, for the majority of breeders aim at springtime whelpings; but with most, registration comes well after weaning; and in some varieties (such as Fox Terriers, for example) considerable numbers are never registered at all. Which is wrong. Every pedigree Dog deserves a place in his country's archives, and the process now costs only half a crown. One hears of many Dog-owners now who go in also for a Monomark, in part at least for the sake of securing a permanent and sure means of identification on their Dog-collars.

Among what are technically classified as Sporting breeds the most numerous, of course, are the Gun-dogs and the Terriers, which are headed respectively by Cockers, and by Wire-haired Fox Terriers and Airedales. Outside these two classes, which of the Sporting varieties would you suppose has the highest registration figures? It is the Whippet, or, as some are beginning to call this amazingly swift little Hound, the Race Dog. But, high though his figures are, the Whippet's rate of increase is negligible; while among some of the others the figures for the first half of 1922 and the first half of 1926 respectively were:—Irish Wolfhounds, 26—82; Elkhounds, 4—54; Greyhounds, 46—102; Bloodhounds, 39—57. Among the Gun-dogs the rise for Golden Retrievers is 63—177; Labradors, 376—526; Irish Setters, 187—535; English Springers, 267—582. The beloved Cocker has gone from 841 to 1888.

The Wire-haired Fox Terrier maintains his cheery supremacy, 2154 to 3799, the Airedale remaining second, with a rise from 1042 to 2592, in the same period. Sealyhams have declined a shade in the past two years, while the rise of our old friend the Scotty has been steady, from 339 to 813; Cairns have gone from 317 to 801, Bull Terriers from 294 to 522, Bedlingtons from 101 to 204, and Kerry Blues from 112 to 309. The justly esteemed Dandie has multiplied his registrations just three times over.

In the "Non-Sporting" varieties nothing has come near the meteoric Alsatian in his victorious gallop from 362 for the half-year beginning 1922 to 3580 from January to June, 1926. Dalmatians have multiplied nearly six times, and French Bulldogs at pretty well the same gait. Great Danes have gone from 79 to 278, Old English Sheepdogs from 78 to 178, and Mastiffs and St. Bernards have both done well, far better than was expected during the first post-War years. One is sorry to see the Newfoundland languishing among lowest figures; and Poodles, too, a bit on the down grade. That vigorous Oriental, the Chow Chow, on the contrary, has increased from 158 to 548. The very disrespectfully designated "Toys," while showing a solid increase since '22, have not moved rapidly in the past year. Pekingese easily retain their lead at 1817 for the half-year, while Pomeranians—down a bit—are 731. Japanese Spaniels, too, have declined slightly in number, but Griffons have risen from 48 to 114. Pugs, too, would seem to be a rising stock, 92—163; King Charles, 61—109. Regarded as a whole, the vital canine statistics of the day make a magnificently healthy showing.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the practical value for breeders and—as in the matter of choosing a variety—for prospective breeders and keepers of Dogs of reasoned consideration of such figures as these. But it must be reasoned. Slapdash deductions are dangerous. The breed showing the highest number of registrations is not necessarily the best for every beginner to tackle, unless he regards keen competition as the first desideratum.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

RAISING FOURTH HAND BID

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

ONE of the biggest "snags" at Bridge is the raising of a fourth hand bid after a "No Trump" call. This is often productive of very severe penalties.

When Z has called "One No Trump," and A and Y say "No bid," B is instructed in the text books and by the authorities to make a bid if he possibly can, so as to indicate a lead. This advice is excellent in a general way, and sometimes succeeds in saving a game that could not otherwise be saved. But where the "snag" comes in is when A will persist in raising the forced bid on inadequate strength or on strength which, while it is sufficient to assist an original bid, is quite insufficient to raise a forced bid.

. . . . .

Having been "stung" myself on several occasions in this way, I am now very wary of making a fourth hand bid to show a lead unless I know that my partner is sufficiently intelligent not to misread it.

While there is something to be said for the theory that you ought to play the game in the same way whoever your partner is, it is not in human nature to do so. A bid that may be right with one partner is hopelessly wrong with another. This personal element adds, I consider, to the interest of the game, but it makes it very difficult to give general precepts. This is the kind of thing I mean. Z "One No Trump," A and Y "No bid"; B holds: S—x, x; H—Q, J, 10, x, x; D—K, x, x; C—Q, x, x. Rightly he bids "Two Hearts" with the idea that if Z bids "Two No Trumps" and Hearts are led, he may possibly save the game. But this plan is frustrated if A, because he holds three Hearts to the 9, and some outside strength, or even an honour in Hearts, puts up the contract to "Three Hearts."

With a hand similar to this you may save the game against "Two No Trumps," or you may, if he will put you up, lose 300 or more points.

. . . . .

Here is a case from play. Score: Game all. Z deals and bids "One No Trump," A and Y "No bid"; B "Two Hearts"; Z "Two Spades"; A "Three Hearts"; Y holds S—x, x, x; H—Q, J, 8, x; D—K, x, x; C—Q, x, x. Y doubles. Could anything be sweeter? If there is a game in Spades or No Trumps, then the Three Hearts bid must go down, while on the face of it it is "set" at least one trick whether or not there is a game for Z. A has committed the bad error of raising a lead-directing bid, evidently believing it to be stronger that a mere minimum because it shifted Z from his "One No Trump."

It is rather hard on B whose bid was quite correct. Played against Spades or No Trumps, A B would have saved the game. As it was they went down 400 points.

. . . . .

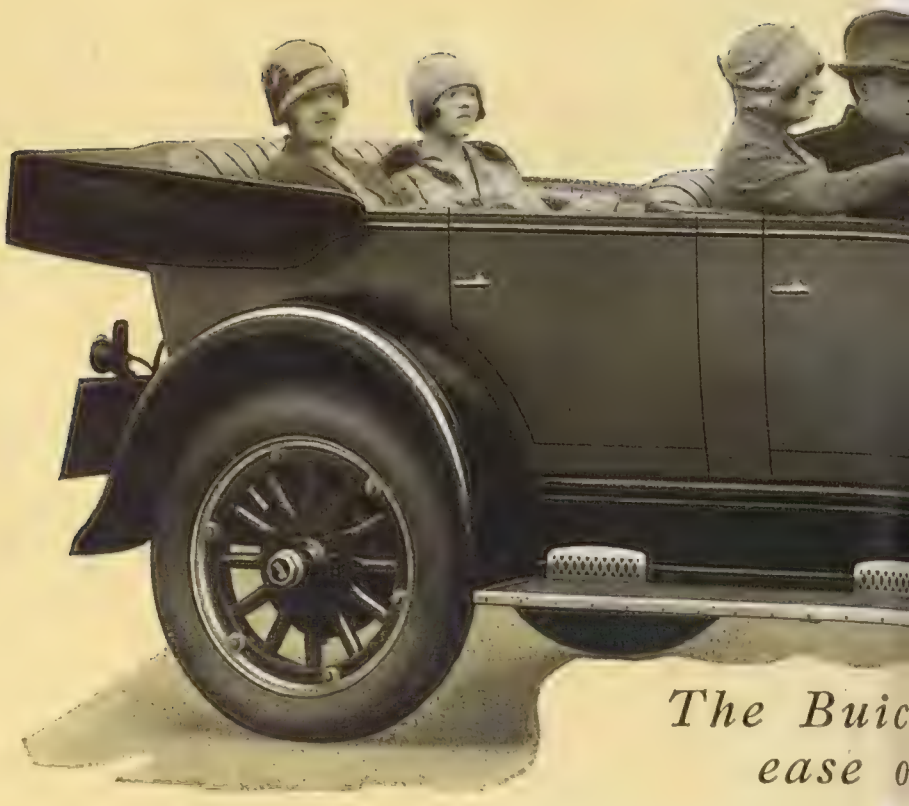
While, then, I still advocate a directing bid as fourth in hand against a No Trumper, I advise you to be very careful with whom you use it. If you can rely upon your partner, well and good. Go ahead with it. But if you can't, I think you will find it more profitable not to employ it.

Should you, however, have a really strong hand which is no use against a No Trumper, even if your suit is led, your best defence is to bid three of it straightaway.

Even if you go down a trick or two you may save the game cheaply, and, anyway, it is better than bidding a speculative two on a weaker hand which your partner may raise disastrously.

Reversing the positions, I should like to emphasise the fact that a two bid fourth in hand does not necessarily imply strength, and that you should not raise your partner unless you possess more than average strength.

MK 9198



The Buic
ease o

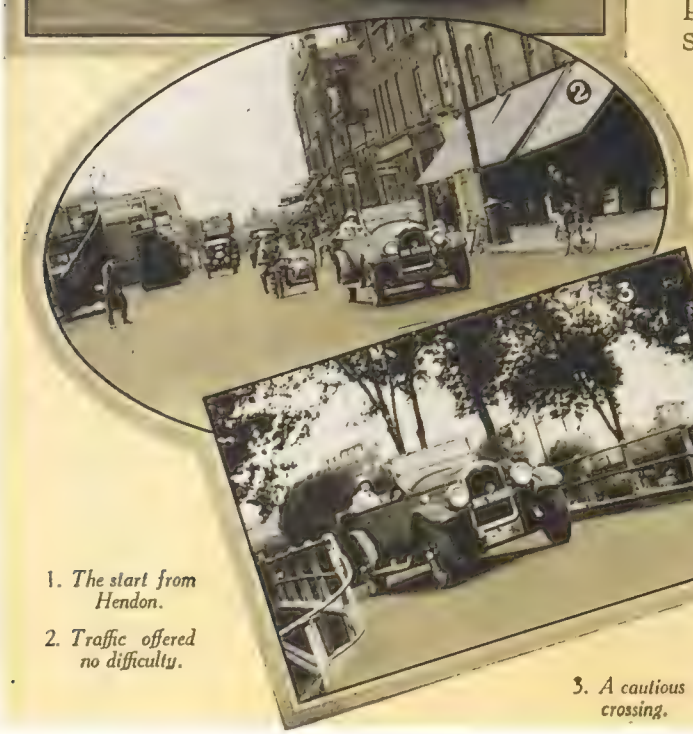
AN ounce of practical demonstration is worth many pounds of mere claim and protestation.

Here, then, is practical proof of the remarkable ease of control which has always been claimed for the Buick. The following account of an actual performance has a deep interest and significance for motorists of any age and either sex.

ON your seventeenth birthday, with your brand-new licence in your pocket, to take the wheel of a car for the first time in your life and drive from London to the sea—what a delightful experience !

This feat, which we believe to be unique in the history of motoring, was actually performed on July 10, 1926, by a London schoolgirl, Miss Doreen White, of 30, Wyatt Road, Forest Gate, Essex.

After a few minutes in the stationary Buick spent in learning the controls this young lady took control of the car at



1. *The start from Hendon.*

2. *Traffic offered no difficulty.*

3. *A cautious crossing.*

4. *Still in the region of the London General Omnibus.*

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Only a car of the silkiest smoothness in action, of the most perfect engine flexibility, could thus be driven in safety and comfort by an untrained beginner.

Complete accessibility of controls, light steering, real driving comfort, easy gear-changing and absolutely dependable brakes inspire the confidence that makes Buick driving a true pleasure.

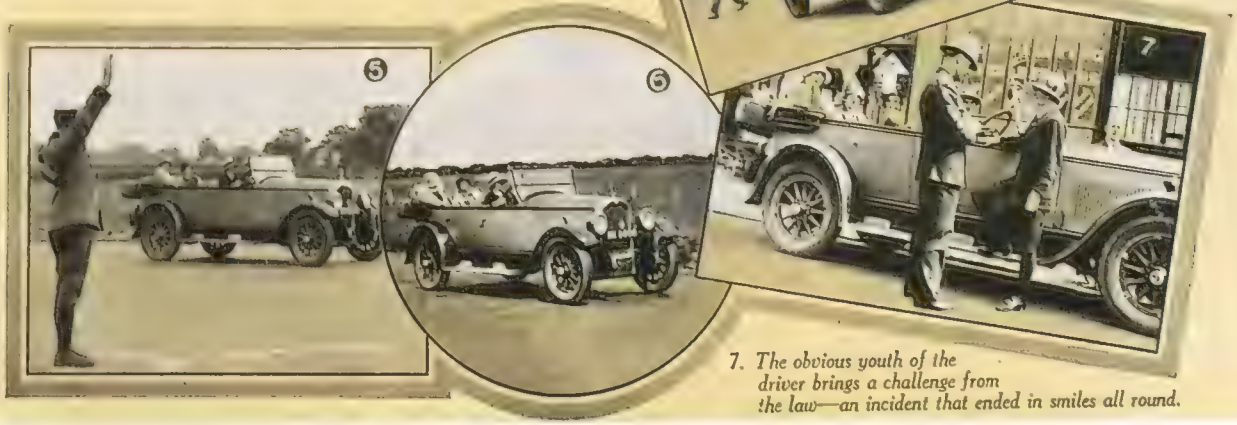
9. *Arrival on the front at Westcliff.*

Hendon and drove it to Southend, a distance of 58 miles. Not once did the experienced driver who sat by her side find it necessary to touch the controls, although Hendon Hill had to be negotiated at the outset, and much traffic was met with at various points.

Such confidence did the beautiful behaviour of the Buick inspire that the young driver ended the journey by driving down the crowded High Street of Southend in top gear.

Such a demonstration of the wondrous perfection of the Buick carries its own lesson. Think what *you* can do with such a car.

8. *Entering busy Southend.*



5. *'Right away!' at Gallows Corner.*

6. *On the open Southend Road.*

7. *The obvious youth of the driver brings a challenge from the law—an incident that ended in smiles all round.*

What car but a Buick could have this story of Performance

HERE is a picture-story of actual performances by privately owned standard Buicks. Together they form a wonderful record of Buick flexibility.

No. 10. You see the Buick at Brooklands snapped at seventy miles an hour.

No. 11. You see the Buick strolling at two miles an hour in top gear . . . robbing traffic of its terrors for the least skilled driver.

Nos. 12 and 13. You see it being brought to a standstill while crawling in top gear by pressure against the radiator—proving that the Buick can be throttled down to less than one man-power.

Nos. 14 and 15. You see it being started off from rest, with gears in top, by a push. Not only does the car move forward, but the engine actually starts up, so beautifully balanced and perfectly fitted are its working parts.

No. 16. And you see the Buick brought from sixty miles an hour to a smooth, skidless standstill in thirty-four yards.

Such a record means far more to you than mere verbal claim. It means no less than the assurance of that motoring delight which you have always believed in, but have not known where to find.

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FEMINA

MODERN FURNITURE

By MRS. M. VINCE

HERE and there, in London and the country, modern furniture is being made which is in the old English tradition, and is, at the same time, original. It is in the tradition because it is hand-made by men who are both designers and craftsmen, and who love and understand the beauty of the material in which they work. It is original because it does not copy this or that "period" of furniture, but is designed for the special needs of the modern house.

THE old distinction between town house and cottage furniture is no longer of much practical value. The distinction now should be between big houses on the one hand, and the little house and flat on the other; and the great need of the moment is for good furniture which is specially designed to fit the limits of the little house and flat.

AT a recent exhibition in London the Rural Industries Association collected a number of pieces of furniture by different craftsmen in the country, and I would advise anyone who wants good furniture, which by its size and simplicity of design is suited for small rooms, to go to the Association at 26, Eccleston Street, and through it to get into touch with the craftsmen whose work it shows.

THE furniture at this Exhibition was well designed and well made—made so as to be a pleasure to use, with close-fitting doors and smooth-running drawers. But the quality in it which I think would strike everyone immediately and most strongly was the beauty and variety of the colour and grain of the wood. The wood was left plain or very lightly polished, so that the natural wood could be seen; and when you see it you realise how little else beyond the colour and grain of the wood a well-designed piece of furniture needs to make it beautiful.

THERE were very simple chairs of ash, in the natural white of the wood, getting their colour from the soft green and grey and fawn of their rush-seats. There were floor mats of the same rushes, also in the natural colours, and one mat in alternate squares of green and blue which would look very attractive in a hall. These chairs and mats were for a house or cottage in the country. The other pieces of furniture would be equally suitable for a house in the country or the town.

THERE was a chest of drawers of walnut, with a line of ebony, and panelled sides—a charming piece of furniture; an oak side-table which showed the extraordinary variety of the colouring of wood, for its colours varied from golden brown to cream; and a pale oak sideboard, the handles of its drawers being ebony set in orange cups of boxwood—a beautiful scheme of colouring.

THERE was an arm-chair in the golden-brown oak—and there were stools also—with the seats made of broad interlacing strips of brown leather. I have seen the same idea carried out, though not in this country, with webbing instead of leather.

WHEN one sees furniture like this one begins at once to plan the colours for the rooms which would best sho show it off. The plain ash chairs with their rush seats I see in a room with the rush mats on the floor, and the delicate colours of the rush itself continued in the walls and curtains — pale green walls, and curtains and sofa-cover in lavender and pale greens and greys. Such a room, in the summer, would get all the colour that it needed from flowers. In the winter one would change the curtains and sofa-cover, using woven stuffs in brighter and warmer colours.

THAT beautiful golden-brown oak would look best against cream walls, and it would be helped by a touch, but only a touch, of black in the decoration. The walnut chest of drawers I see in a pale blue and pink room. The pale oak of the sideboard would be beautiful against orange walls, the same orange as the cups of boxwood which hold the ebony handles of the drawers. Such furniture is not to be put here and there and anywhere, but deserves to be in rooms so decorated as to show it off to the best advantage.

A RECENT BRIDE

Mrs. Clifford Ellingworth, whose marriage took place recently to Dr. Clifford Ellingworth, Medical Superintendent of West London Hospital. She is the daughter of the Hon. George Swinburne, the Australian Representative at the Geneva Conference last year

THAT is one side of modern furniture-making. It so happened that at the same exhibition there was a stand at which one could see the other. I suppose it was only by chance that the two stands were separated by the whole length of the hall. This second stand expressed the ideas of the school which does not care for beauty of shape or material, but only for colour. These ideas were represented by a wooden chair, with back and seat in felt *appliqué*.

THE woodwork was painted a bright emerald-green, highly varnished. The felt back was a design, I think, of mountain peaks—not, perhaps, a very appropriate design for a chair-back, not one, I mean, to invite you to lean back with a feeling of comfort and repose. It was carried out in purple, emerald-green, dull-green, blue, black, grey and scarlet.

In front of the chair was a black *pouffe* with a fawn *appliquéd* on it. The fawn had a very large, very white, and very frightened eye. That eye was pure realism. Exactly so, I imagine, a fawn would look which knew that a human being was going to sit on it.

WELL, there they were. Whichever of the two you might like, those two stands both represented quite definite and original ideas in modern furniture-making. Anyone who visited the exhibition could decide between them for herself.

MISS NINA VANNA

Who is appearing with Ivor Novello in the new film, "The Triumph of the Rat." This is a British film produced by Graham Cutts for Gainsborough Pictures Ltd.

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

At intervals during the last thirteen years I have been expressing my enthusiasm in these columns for the work of Captain Percival Wren. Novel after novel appeared from his pen, but obtained only the mildest success. I could not understand it. Here was a man who not only had splendidly new material to draw upon, but knew how to tell a rattling good story. All along I felt that he ought to be amongst the most popular writers in the kingdom. Yet hardly a novel-reader to whom I mentioned his work had even heard of his name.

Then about four years ago there appeared *The Wages of Virtue*, one of the best stories that have ever been written about the Foreign Legion. It sold very much better than its predecessors, and somebody or other saw film possibilities in it. And one day, I remember, I read in a newspaper that the film had been made, with Gloria Swanson in the chief part, and that the author, tragically enough, had not lived long enough to see its presentation. It was for this reason that on the appearance of *Beau Geste* I expressed my regret that this lovable book would in all probability be its author's last work, and placed on record my surprise that he had never joined the ranks of the "best-sellers."

It was with feelings of delighted astonishment that shortly afterwards I received a letter from Captain Wren himself. His demise, he was afraid, had been slightly exaggerated, and would I please regard him for the future as alive? And then, as you know, *Beau Geste* started to sell—simply and solely on its merits. Nobody "pushed" it, no long articles appeared about it; it just sold, and sold, and sold. And in America they called it "a whale of a book," and printed weekly editions. As a matter of fact, it is still selling in its thousands, and I don't wonder at it. It really was a splendid romance, and its success, I suppose, gave me personally almost as much pleasure as if I had written the book myself.

And now *Beau Geste* has its successor. *Beau Sabreur* (Murray: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) will sell in its tens of thousands, and deservedly so, for it possesses all those delectably virile qualities which endeared the earlier book to its readers. North Africa is still the scene, though the Foreign Legion is hardly in the picture. Instead, we are given the surprising and almost incredible adventures of Major Henri de Beaujolais—you will remember that he played a small part in *Beau Geste*—and one or two of his friends—and enemies.

I have no intention of outlining the plot: you will read and enjoy the book for yourself. Two observations, however, may be made. One knows, of course, that queer things do happen in the North African desert, as elsewhere; but can the bizarre affairs which the author is here recording bear any relation to actual fact? Well, he assures us that they can and do, and he is a man whose word is not to be doubted. (Which reminds me that Captain Wren told me that that opening scene in *Beau Geste* in the empty fort was absolutely true, for he had been there himself at the time.)

In the second place, there may come a moment during your reading of *Beau Sabreur* when you will find yourself wondering whether the author has not this time attempted too much. There is a curious mystery at the back of things, and you are afraid that any explanation there may be will be disappointing. And then, just at the most critical moment, there comes a crash of surprise, and you see that once again Captain Wren has "brought it off." And I can only repeat what I said of *Beau Geste*: here is romance at its healthiest and best.

MRS. HAMILTON EARLE [*Rita Martin*

Who is well known in the concert world as Miss Louise Dale, the famous soprano. She helped to arrange the recent concert organised by Princess Beatrice at Carisbrooke Castle, which was attended by the Queen

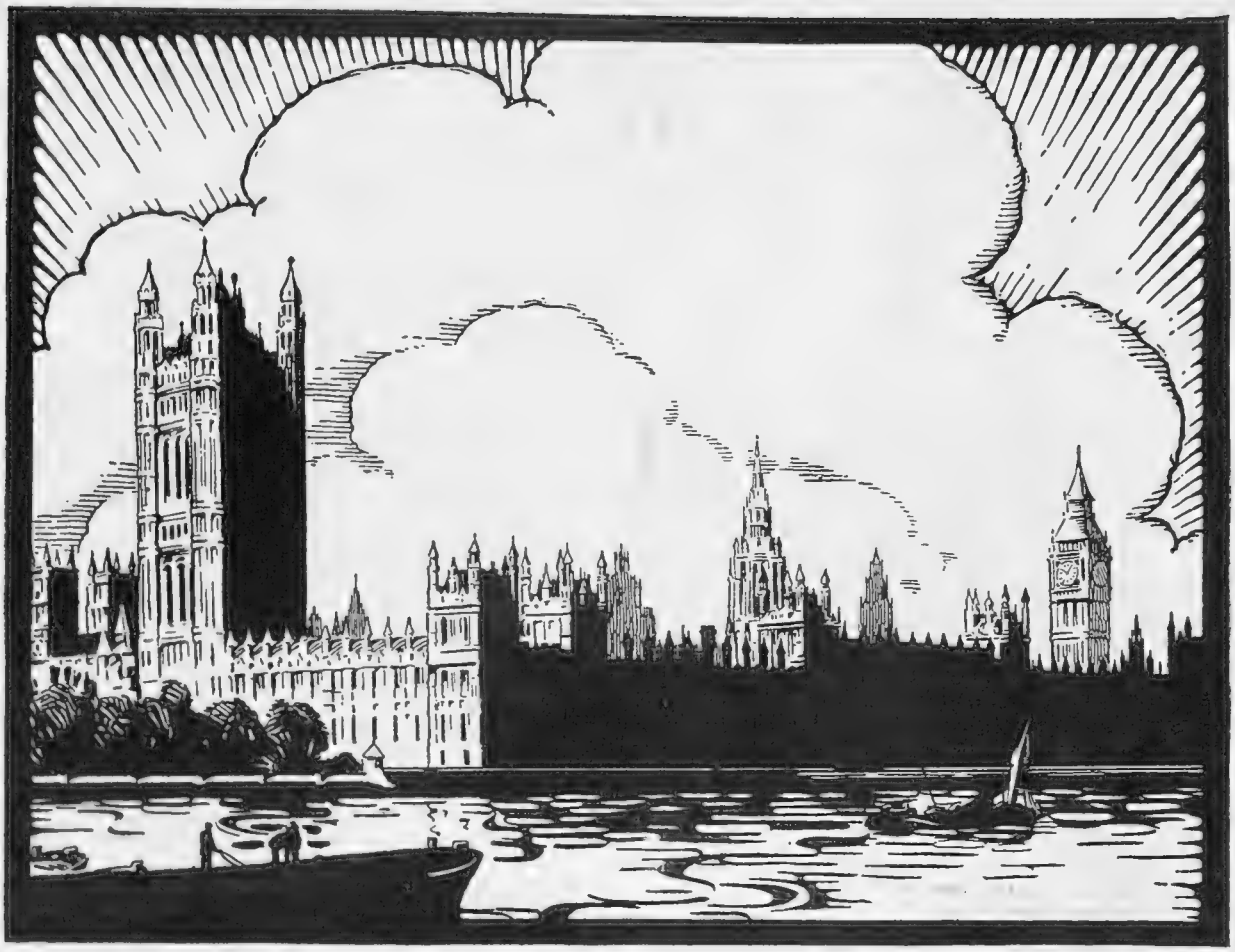
To the younger generation, I am afraid, the one and only Mrs. Markham cannot even be known by name, and in that case half the fun of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's *Mrs. Markham's New History of England* (Cayme Press: 5*s.* net) may be lost. To those, however, who know the dear lady and her two angelic children, Mr. Belloc's rather wicked parody will prove extremely entertaining. We all know that this admirable author has strong likes and dislikes, and is apt at times to allow his pen to run away with him. Here, it may be, one or two of his jibes are rather *too* caustic, and one or two personal references might have been toned down; but Tommy and Mary, in their search for information, continue to ply their admirable parent with difficult questions, and the reader will be kept steadily chuckling.

Once again the planet Mars has been explored, this time in *The Green Machine* (Noel Douglas: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), an aerial bicycle with which Mr. F. A. Ridley provides his hero. Conveniently enough, a passing comet is made use of in the journey across space, which on that account is considerably shorter than it would otherwise have been. On the planet itself life is uncomfortable enough. A sort of ape-man is the underdog, and giant ants are the ruling race. Their civilisation is much the same as that of our own little ants, though it is far in advance of anything we know here.

The story of the earth-man's adventures in this peculiar world is not unlike a number of others. It has its thrilling moments, and there are brilliant passages here and there. To those, however, who love their scientific romances, Mr. Ridley's planet will prove a little disappointing.

Willow, the King!

In the preface to his anthology of cricket *Between the Wickets* (Philip Allan: 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Eric Parker says that he has "tried to entrap something of the air that blows on an English cricket ground." *Between the Wickets* is a scrap-book of the summer game—verse, statistics, speeches, fiction, biographies have all been carefully and tastefully collected and welded together, till the reader has a living picture presented to him, whether it be of the top-hatted, knee-breeched stalwarts of Hambledon playing before the Hampshire yokels with their incessant roar of "*Tich and turn!*" or the tense moments of a more modern day at Lord's, where England is fighting Australia for runs. All cricket lovers will be in Mr. Parker's debt for his eulogy of the national game.



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MOTOR NOTES

THE PRINCE IN HERTFORDSHIRE

The Prince of Wales visiting the London Orphan School at Watford in his Rolls-Royce car when on his recent tour in Hertfordshire. During the day he made several visits over a wide area

ALREADY 1927 models are being announced, and among the most interesting is the Daimler programme for next season. It will be remembered that four new Daimlers were introduced last year, and so successful have these been that they will be continued. Some improvements have been introduced in the 1927 models, the most important technical feature being the introduction of power-assisted brakes. The four-wheel braking system is, of course, retained, but the pressure of the driver's foot is assisted by a vacuum-operated cylinder. Slight changes have been made in the prices of the different models and several new types of bodywork have been introduced.

***

ENTRIES for the 200 Miles Race organised by the Junior Car Club close at single fees to-morrow, the 12th inst. This year, in addition to the T. B. André Gold Challenge Cup, cash prizes totalling at least £500 will be awarded. The exact course for the race has yet to be decided. Cars, however, on every circuit will negotiate a hairpin bend in front of the Vickers' shed, returning to the Fork, where a second turn will have to be taken. This will bring the cars into the Finishing Straight, where "S" bends will be formed by sand banks.

***

THERE is probably no British firm with a wider experience of racing than the Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ltd., and none cleverer in incorporating the lessons learnt in racing in the touring cars. A new model Sunbeam has just been introduced which is remarkable for the power developed by the engine in conjunction with smoothness of running at all speeds. The new car is a 25 h.p. six-cylinder measuring 80 mm. × 120 mm. This car is a development of the 20-60 h.p., which is so deservedly popular. It develops greater power and thus can attain a higher speed with heavier bodies. The car is, of course, fitted with four-wheel brakes, and has the special Sunbeam cantilever springs at the rear. The price of the touring car is £950.

***

ANOTHER success has been secured by the K.L.G. sparking plugs, and this one is particularly notable, as these British plugs were used on a foreign engine. At any time the Frenchman is not particularly anxious to purchase British goods, and this tendency is accentuated at present in view of the unfavourable exchange and the somewhat chaotic economic conditions prevailing in France. It is, therefore, somewhat significant that the makers of the Renault aero engine placed an order for K.L.G. plugs for the engine of the French Potez biplane which was being prepared to attack the

(on page 344)

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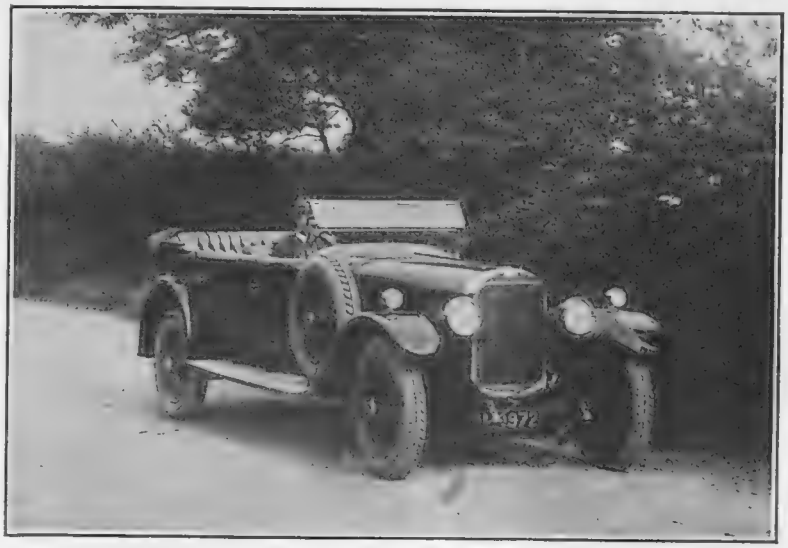
world's record for a non-stop flight. The machine successfully achieved its object, flying from Paris to Basra, a distance of 2,737 miles, in 26 hours 35 minutes.

***

In the early days in the car building industry manufacturers were content to sell a car to a client and then leave him to make his own arrangements for maintaining it in first-class running efficiency. That day is now definitely passed, and builders of cars are paying great attention to the development of service to a point where it will meet all requirements of their customers. The competence of the mechanics who do the work is recognised as a prime factor in efficient service. The General Motors Company places such importance upon this single detail that its servicemen and salesmen are required to complete a special course of study consisting of twelve weeks of 44 hours each. On the conclusion of the course each successful student receives a diploma and becomes a recognised service expert.

***

New and attractive showrooms have recently been opened by Bertram Alvarez, Ltd., at 40 and 41, Berkeley Street, and 34, 35 and 36, Stratton Street, W.1. Here, Rolls-Royce, Hispano, Bentley, Daimler, and Minerva models form a brave display. From this list it will be seen that Alvarez are specialising in the best only, whether a direct sale, part exchange, or deferred payments are desired.



A HALT BY THE WAYSIDE

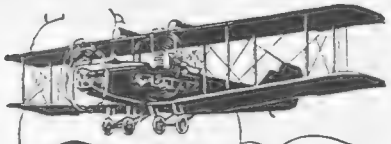
The new Sunbeam touring car photographed in a country lane. It is a six-cylinder model of 25 h.p.

The Holland Park Hall from October 15th to the 23rd will be the scene of one of the most remarkable motor exhibitions staged in this country. The big hall is to be filled with stands and exhibits centred round the activities of one firm alone, the Ford Motor Co. (England), Ltd. This company's products include passenger cars of all types, commercial cars and trucks, as well as agricultural and industrial tractors. The Motor Industries Exhibition, as it is called, will therefore have interest for all classes. So great is the popularity of the Ford that many industries have actually sprung up around it, and there are now many firms manufacturing equipment and accessories exclusively for use with Fords. All these will be represented.

***

An average speed of 56½ miles per hour for the flying kilometre was attained by a privately-owned Fiat Seven at trials held recently at Ostend. The Fiat, which was driven by its English owner, competed in the 1,100 c.c. class, although having a piston displacement of only 990 c.c., and proved not only the fastest in its class, but was faster than many cars in the higher divisions. The Fiat, I am told, was in no way a specially produced car, but a standard model, and competed with full touring equipment, comprising mudguards, hood and windscreen. This test is a decidedly impressive one from the point of view of the private owner.

George C. Stead.



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13/6

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No. 1,182—Vol. XCI. Wednesday, August 11, 1926 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

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FAMILY RESIDENCE with tree-lined drive approach, containing vestibule, hall 3 reception rooms, conservatory, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms, offices

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and kitchen garden of over 1¼ ACRE.

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A Perfect Small House within 10 minutes of Station.
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REMARKABLY PICTURESQUE MODERN RESIDENCE unusually well planned and equipped. Square hall with cloak room. Dining room 18ft. by 16ft. Six bed rooms. Drawing room 30ft. by 15ft. Well fitted bathroom, &c.

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Sand and gravel soil. 250 feet above sea level.
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In lovely position on a Common 500 ft. up. About a mile from Station.

THE MODERN HOUSE contains, lounge hall, 2 reception rooms and offices, nurseries, 8 bed rooms, bathroom, etc. Detached motor garage and living rooms over.

Delightful pleasure grounds, including ornamental and tennis lawns, rose garden, kitchen garden, orchard and paddock.

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ON GRAVEL SOIL AT
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40 minutes from Euston.

FOR SALE, a most attractive small MODERN RESIDENCE, in good decorative order, standing high and containing, ON 2 FLOORS ONLY: lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, and very good offices.

Main water and gas. Electric light.

PRETTY GARDEN of over ½ an ACRE, with full-size tennis lawn and prolific kitchen garden with fruit trees, all in excellent maintenance.

Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents
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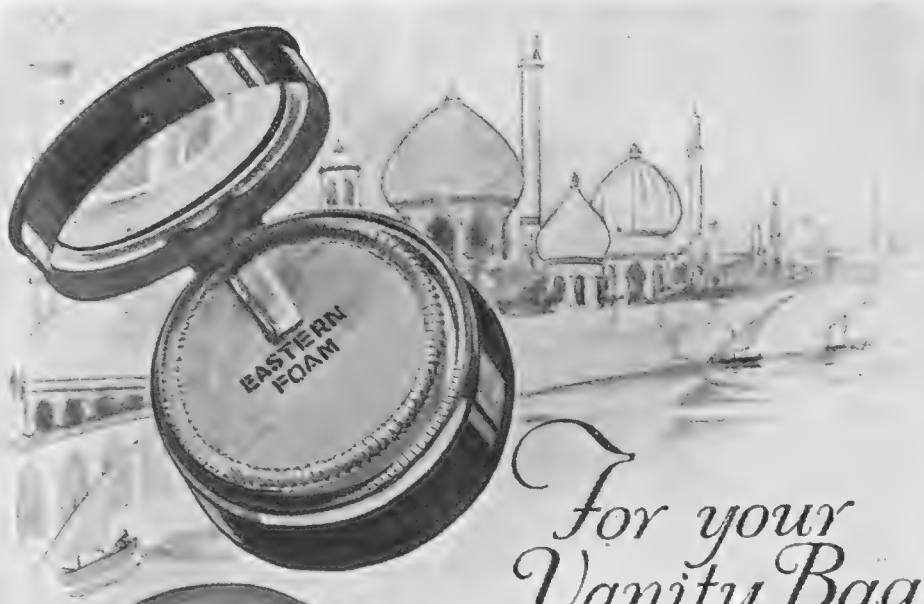

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You will find in the new 'EASTERN FOAM' COMPACT POWDER a charming aid to beauty and a delightful addition to the "vanity bag." The box is attractively finished in a dull black ebony colour, with a neat little elephant's head embossed on the lid in the finest gilt. The inside also is gilt and fitted with a good mirror and puff. The powder has exactly the right quality of texture and the ***unique*** perfume of 'Eastern Foam.' Ask your chemist to show you one of these boxes—they are irresistible.

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As illustrated **2/-**. REFILL (with Puff) **1/-**.

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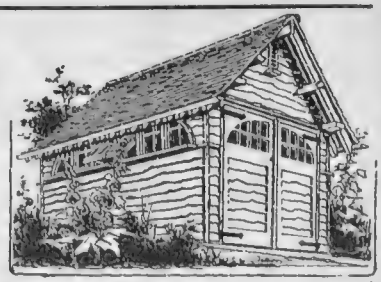

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50 minutes from Town.

Lovely position. 100 yards from river, with use of private landing stage.

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Shakespeare's country.

BLACK AND WHITE COTTAGE RESIDENCE, dating back to Charles II., occupying good position between Warwick and Evesham.

The accommodation is well arranged and comprises hall, 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (all rooms have original old beams and open fireplaces).

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The 20th Century Automatic Electrical Refrigerator.

FRIGIDAIRE is an entirely automatic electrical Refrigerator which provides perfect refrigeration such as cannot be obtained through the medium of ice supplied locally.

Here are four points of Frigidaire Super-service:—

(1). ENTIRELY AUTOMATIC. No switching on or off. No attention required.

You can be absent for days or for weeks—and on your return find the food in Frigidaire as fresh and pure as it was the day you left. From the day that Frigidaire is connected with the electric current in your home—a simple operation—Frigidaire will serve you faithfully.

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Frigidaire first popularised refrigeration in Great Britain. To-day there are more Frigidaires in use in this country than the total of all other makes.

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Made in Double Texture Lightweight Fawn Indiana - - 75/-

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Have your teeth inspected by a dentist every six months and use Euthymol twice daily.

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THE TOOTH PASTE OF THE WISE

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IN SPRING CAP TUBES.

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Madam — Their beauty is Everlasting!

The subtle iridescence and subdued radiance of Ciro Pearls last for no limited period, but perpetually. By secret processes which simulate the growth of the pearl in the oyster, Ciro Pearls are created to match in appearance the rarest of real pearls. Our guarantee is your insurance against any dissatisfaction with the enduring beauty of Ciro Pearls. It is a warranty of their long and brilliant life. Thousands of delighted wearers have testified to their lasting loveliness. Here are two typical letters recently received :—

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From BEVERLEY (Yorks). "When my friends see my Ciro Pearls they not only take them for real ones, but are amazed when I tell them they are Ciro's, and have been continuously in wear for nearly five years. They are as lovely as the day I bought them."

Ciro Pearls

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of One Guinea (or C. O. D.) we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long with gold clasp in case. Wear for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference, return to us and we will refund your money in full. We are pledged to please you—always.

Write for illustrated Catalogue of Ciro Pearls No. 7 post free.

Orders by post receive the same careful expert attention as is given personally in our showrooms. Address to Postal Dept. 7, at our Head Establishment, 178 Regent Street, London, W.1

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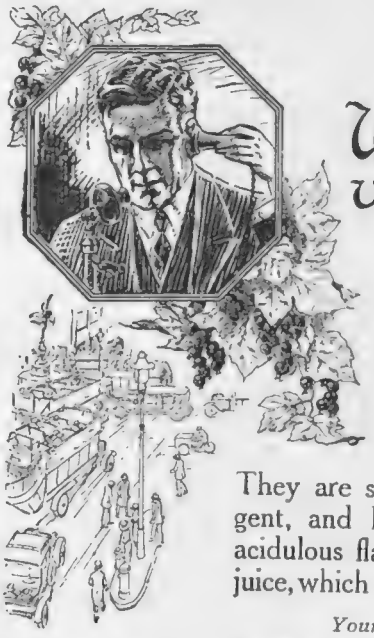

When you get voice-weary

you cannot do yourself justice in business or in social life. Keep your voice full, resonant and pleasing by using the 'Allenburys' Glycerine & Black Currant Pastilles.

They are soothing and mildly astringent, and have the delicious slightly acidulous flavour of ripe black currant juice, which is their principal ingredient.

Your Chemist stocks them.

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing
2 ozs. 8d.
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Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.,
37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

THE ART OF THE TRANSFORMATION
A striking "Ultima" dressed transformation showing the low curl at the nape of the neck. It is executed by Emile, of 24-25, Conduit St., W

The Undetectable Transformation

THE popularity of shorn heads has not materially affected the demand for transformations; in fact, the shingled wig, as it is sometimes called, is far more worn than is generally suspected. As Emile, of 24-25, Conduit Street, makes this faithful replica of nature's handiwork, the hair has all the appearance of growing on the scalp. It is completely undetectable as a *postiche* addition, and is found the greatest possible boon by women with poor hair, and also those going grey, and who, while objecting to dyeing and tinting, desire to disguise this insignia of age.

Invaluable to actresses and busy social women is the ready-to-pop-on shingled transformation. But whether shingled or dressed, "The Ultima," Emile's speciality, is the epitome of perfection. The hair worked into a light trellis silk foundation — a special patent—not only provides ventilation, but combines a featherweight with strength. The workmanship involved in the foundation alone is a masterpiece of delicate manipulation, and when the hair is added, that can be brushed, combed and parted as though growing on the scalp. The example illustrated shows a dressed transformation with that low coil on the nape of the neck now so much worn with evening dress, and a fringe that one has come to associate with the Duchess of York. It is interesting to recall that the "Ultima" won the first prize in Paris, 1922, and also London; again in Paris, 1924, and London, 1923; also that Emile's summer number of "Hairdressing Illustrated" is now issued and obtainable from Conduit Street.

Lingerie More Lovely Than Ever

THE less we wear in *au dessous*, the more exquisite and costly it becomes. Fastidiousness in this regard is a real obsession. Merely the personal knowledge that one is wearing next the skin some delicate silk material of attractive character inspires confidence and a sense of well-being. And it is silken garments more than any other that are the objective, Milanese, Celanese, Xantha, triple ninon, georgette, washing satin and *crêpe de Chine*. Of these, two of outstanding value are triple ninon and washing satin. Both are costly, but have the compensating virtues of laundering and wearing superlatively well.

These fabrics are so beautiful in themselves that they are frequently made up without any lace. Fine hand tucks and *lingerie* pleats with open-work stitches sufficing for decoration. A plain chemise of triple ninon for evening is arranged with grouped *lingerie* pleats either side the front, is slit at the sides for a short distance, and mounted on a deep *brassière* of the material used double for strength; while the shoulder straps are of very narrow, sparkling bead trimming. Another delightful model that can be easily converted into cami-knickers is finely pleated from top to hem everywhere. A set of white washing satin, seen, had the edges cut in, castellated, and worked round closely with an overstitch in silk, backed by a deep-tinted washing net. The last, by the way, retains its colour, as it is woven of natural thread. Many of the evening chemises are necessarily cut with a low V at the back, and yet others are mounted on real lace *brassières* designed to show under filmy gowns. Petticoats are mostly conspicuous by their absence. But here is a hint for those made of silk for tennis. To render these absolutely shadow-proof a width of soft fine cotton is placed up centre front and back, a method that has been well tested and found in no way wanting.

For those who have to consider ways and means, and yet pine for a dainty appearance, there is *voile* plain and figured. Far better this than a cheap *crêpe de Chine* or, indeed, any cheap silk weave. *Voile* washes like a rag and wears far better; nor does it rot in the tropics like so many silks. In the figured fancies there is a fascinating choice; such as the conventional rose shown by our artist in soft *fané* shades on a pale mauve ground. The lace employed is of a deep ochre tint, and in

SMART AND SERVICEABLE
A becoming tailor-made equally suitable for town or country wear. The costume has a skirt with inverted pleat in front and a collar faced with waterproof velvet
Original design by Betty Nisbet

ARTISTRY IN *DESSOUS*
Two delightful examples of voile work in soft fané shades on a pale mauve ground. The lace employed is of a deep ochre tint and in both garments it is inserted bracewise
Original design by Betty Nisbet

both garments is inserted bracewise, both being picot edged, a finish that is rapidly growing in favour.

The Useful Mid-season Suit

THE classical type of tailor-made invariably jumps into prominence at this time of the year; and for the very simple and obvious reason it is equally appropriate in Town or country. It is curious how one can detect those passing through Town from the north. To a woman they wear tweeds, whereas those from the south affect grey flannel coats and skirts. As a traveller starts so she arrives. The intermediate choice resting on a neat black, or dark blue costume, accompanied by a white blouse, neat felt hat in tone, smoke-grey stockings, and either dark blue kid or black antelope shoes. Again, there is the dark blue or black pin line stripe cloth that never dates—a material chosen for the original model depicted. A suit comprising one of the new skirts with inverted pleat in front and finger-tip length double breast coat. Perfectly cut, fitted and tailored, the collar faced with waterproof velvet, this represents the endlessly serviceable standby possession.

LUXURIOUS SHOWROOMS

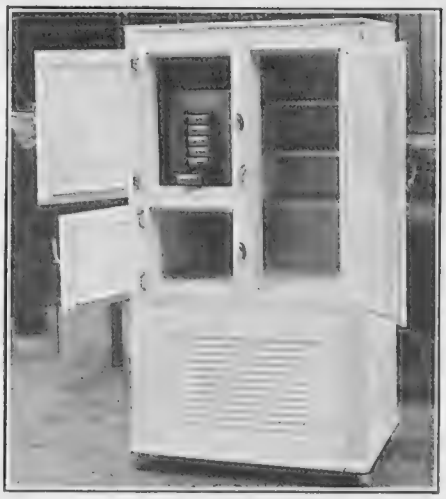
A corner of the new and beautiful motor showrooms of Messrs. Bertram Alvarez, Ltd., which have recently been opened at the new Devonshire House in Piccadilly. The firm are to specialise in the highest grade of cars, which are seen to the fullest advantage in these new salons

The Care of the Hands

There is nothing more detrimental to a woman's general appearance than rough or chapped hands. However, there is no need for the hands to show the slightest signs of suffering from the ravages of sea and sun if simple precautions are taken. By purchasing a bottle of Ess Viotto, the hands can be kept beautifully white. Ess Viotto can be obtained in bottles at 2*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.* 9*d.*, and 6*s.* 9*d.* from chemists and perfumers, or direct from Messrs. Bronnley, Acton, W.3.

A Winning Ball

The new Spalding Mesh golf ball, manufactured by A. G. Spalding and Bros., Ltd., of 317-318, High Holborn, W.C.1, has achieved a remarkable record. It has been used by the winners of the British, American, French, and Belgian Open Championships, the winners of the Belgian Amateur, the Irish Professional, and English Ladies' Open Championships, and many other events. Such a record speaks eloquently for the excellence of quality which has made this golf ball so popular with players of note.



A FOOD PRESERVER

A handsome example of the Servel Refrigerator which is manufactured by Servel Ltd., of Broadway Westminster. These cabinets are electrically and automatically controlled and keep food in perfect condition in the hottest weather. They are supplied in a wide range of models to meet all requirements

A Popular Wine

All connoisseurs of good wines will be interested to learn that at the luncheon to their Majesties the King and Queen at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Reading last month Bollinger was the only champagne to be served.

At a recent banquet of the Ibero-American Benevolent Society, at which his Majesty the King of Spain was present, Bollinger was also selected as one of the champagnes to be put before the guests.

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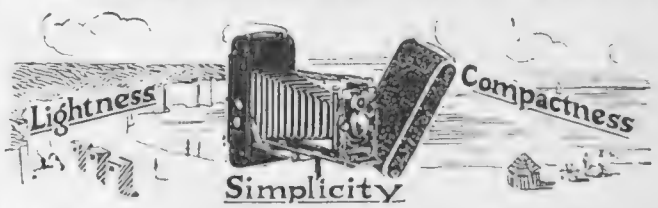

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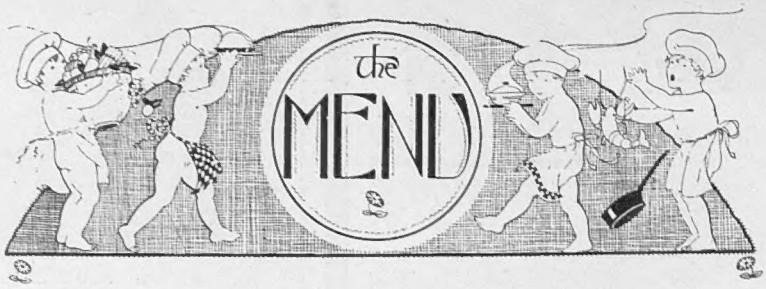

VARIOUS WAYS OF COOKING GROUSE

SCOTCH GROUSE.
SALMI OF GROUSE.
GROUSE PIE.
HOW TO MAKE AN OLD GROUSE TENDER.

Scotch Grouse

PLUCK one or two young grouse, singe carefully, draw and clean the inside, and wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth. Game birds, and especially grouse, should never be washed. Mix ½ oz. of fresh butter with a saltspoonful of black pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt and a few drops of lemon juice, and place this inside the birds. Truss the birds for roasting, and dredge the outside with flour. One or two vine leaves and a slice of fat bacon should be wrapped over the breast of each bird. Roast for about twenty-five to thirty-five minutes, and baste frequently. Place fried bread-crumbs round the birds, and serve bread sauce and gravy with them.

Salmi of Grouse

Roast one or more grouse for about ten minutes, then cut into joints. Pound the liver smoothly, cut 2 oz. of cooked ham into dice, chop one small onion, and tie up a bunch of herbs together. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, and put in the onion, three cloves, a little pepper, the chopped ham, and the herbs; fry all these a pale brown. When nearly dark enough add 1 oz. of flour, and brown as well. Pour in three-quarters of a pint of stock, and stir till it boils. Put in the grouse, liver, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, two teaspoonfuls of red currant jelly, a small glass of claret, and ½ oz. of glaze. Cover the pan and simmer very gently for about thirty-five to forty-five minutes. When cooked, arrange neatly on a hot dish, strain the sauce over, and garnish with *croûtons* of fried bread.

Grouse Pie

Line the bottom of a pie-dish with 1 lb. of rump steak, cut into neat pieces. Cut two grouse into joints, season highly with salt, cayenne, and black pepper, pour in some stock, and cover with puff paste; brush the crust over with the yolk of an egg, and bake one hour. The back-bones and trimmings from the grouse will make the gravy by stewing them with an onion, a little mace, a bunch of herbs, and a wineglassful of sherry or claret. This should be poured in after the pie is baked.

How to Make an Old Grouse Tender

After the usual preparations for cooking, cut off the legs at the knees and the wings at the pinions. Rub the bird inside and out with about a ¼ lb. of butter. Add a pinch of cayenne pepper and salt. Place the bird in a casserole dish with plenty of good gravy, fill up the casserole with water, put a cover on the casserole, and cook in a slow oven for about three hours. Then add sufficient gelatine to make the gravy set. When quite cold turn the contents into an ordinary dish, when it will come out firm as a mould and be a delicious dish of cold game.

EMILIA.

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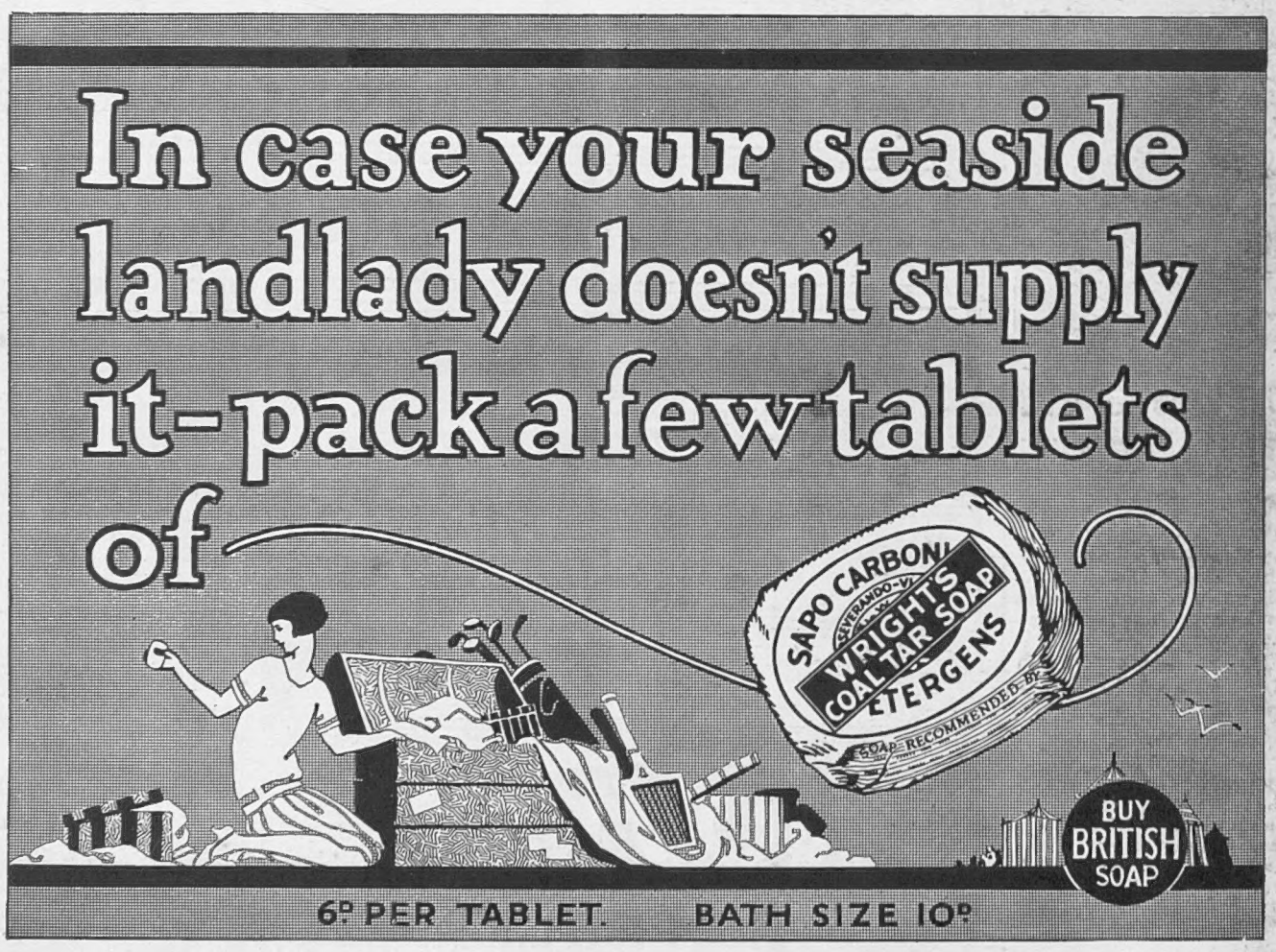

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Printed for the Proprietors, GRAPHIC & BYSTANDER, LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6 Paris Garden, Stamford St., London, S.E.1, and published weekly by GRAPHIC & BYSTANDER, LIMITED, at 116-117, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.—August 11, 1926.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.